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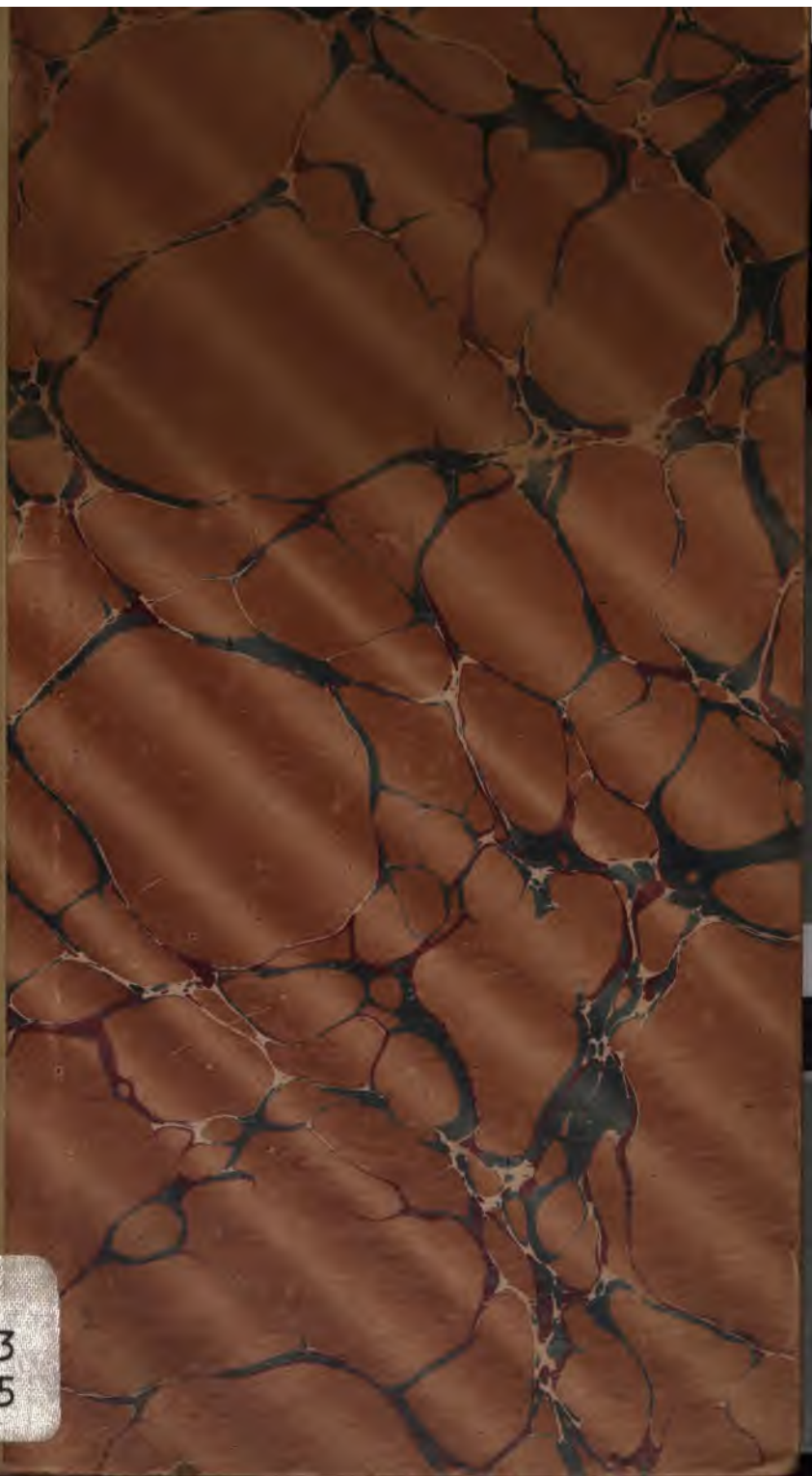
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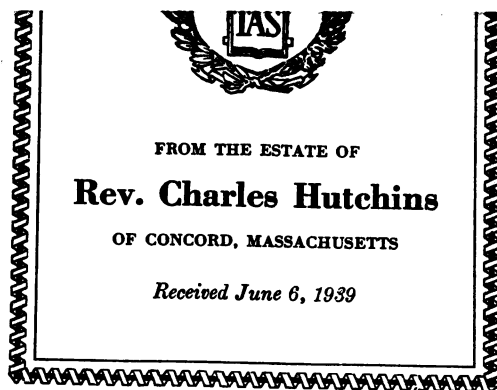
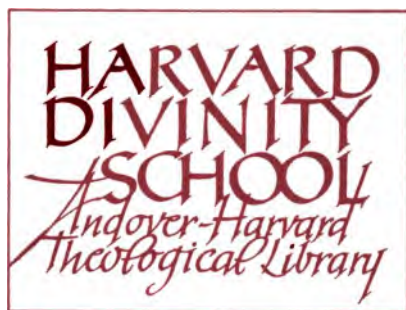
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**The Aid to Praise for Use in the
Sunday School - 1875.**

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THE
AID TO PRAISE
FOR USE IN THE
SUNDAY SCHOOL



CAMBRIDGE
Printed at the Riverside Press
1875

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FROM THE ESTATE OF
REV. CHARLES HUTCHINS
MAY 24, 1939

THE compilers take this opportunity to express their obligation to Mr. E. Tourjée for permission to use valuable music from the "Tribute of Praise;" to the owners of the admirable "Hymns and Songs of Praise," for similar favors; to Gen. H. K. Oliver, of Salem, Mass., for much musical assistance, and for the tune "Neponset" (No. 76); also to Mr. W. G. Fisher, of Philadelphia, for the "Valley of Blessing" (No. 27); to the owners of the "Pilgrim's Harp," for No. 44, "Life's Battlefield," and to Dr. J. H. Willcox, for No. 72, "Saviour like a Shepherd lead us."

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PLEASE READ THIS PREFACE CAREFULLY.

THIS compilation is made in accordance with certain definite principles which the compilers hope to promote by their book, and which they take this opportunity to state.

1st. The Sunday-school is the nursery of the Church. The solution of the problem of congregational singing lies in the Sunday-school. Books like ours should be compiled with reference to this principle, and, although they must include hymns and tunes which will be all the dearer to the School because designed for them alone, and unfit for use in the congregation, still their general spirit and character should lead up to the service of song in the sanctuary. At least they should not draw the schools who use them off into an entirely different and antagonistic kind of musical culture, or even train them (as a bad book very readily might and as some do) into an actual dislike of the praises of the public service.

The compilers of this manual believe that the difficulties which lie in the way of congregational singing, take their rise in the hymns and tunes given to the schools ; and in forming this collection they have not forgotten that they were dealing with those who were to be led on into delight in the service of song in the House of the Lord.

We are at least sure that our book will not be discarded for fear that its use might diminish the ability or the disposition of the school to aid in the praises of the sanctuary.

2d. The difference between a singing book for the Church and one for the School is not so great as it may be supposed to be.

The hymn and tune for the Sunday-school should be the most beautiful, both in musical and poetic expression. They should also be simple, true, and thoroughly healthy in tone and contents. It is only the masters who should be allowed to write for children. This difference of greater obligation we have recognized.

We have also recognized the fact that many hymns of religious experience are excluded by the youthfulness of those who are to use them. We have introduced a few which might seem to presume a more advanced Christian

progress than could be expected in a Sunday-school. Such are Faber's two hymns on the last pages. But their beauty, their wonderful tenderness, and Christian simplicity, made it impossible for us to leave them out.

As regards the music to be sung, the School is a quicker and better learner than the congregation. The question of difficulty may be ruled out of the comparison between them, for the School can attempt more than the congregation. In general the congregation require familiar tunes, and no others should be given them. But new music ought to be brought into the schools. This is the true place for its introduction. The children will learn it with surprising quickness, and then will delight to aid the congregation to learn it by singing with them in the public service.

Sunday-school music does, however, differ in some important respects from that for the congregation.

For one, the sustaining power of the youthful lungs and voices is less. Hence the slow grand movement of choral tone will fail to please young singers, or to produce a good effect when attempted by them. Their voices are not ripe nor round enough for such work, and the physical deficiency gives them a good reason for disliking it.

Next, in the Sunday-school, rhythm or time-movement has an exceptional importance. It is a musical element which childhood is quick to comprehend. We see its power in the effect produced on children (and on their elders as well) by the performance of a fine drum-corps. The condition of the child's mind, lungs, and organs of tone, gives a physical reason for his sensitiveness to light, airy, and well-marked movements. On this account we have given a general preference to $\frac{4}{4}$ time, as carrying with it the suggestion of more youthful rhythmical movement.

So also in another element of musical impression, the child has an exceptionally strong sense of the value of melody. The love of harmony is a later acquisition. The grand harmonic movement of many of the richest chorals would on this account unfit them for the Sunday-school. The children could not execute them with their voices if they loved them, but in addition, that admirable provision of nature which has decided that our sources of pleasure shall open with the growth of our powers, creates the physical impossibility that they should be pleased with them. The melody moves so slowly that the child's quick expectation dies before the new tone is born, and the air which he so much loves and longs to follow with rapid step is lost in the ponderous march and slowly growing harmonies. Tunes of this kind which from their nature would not fall kindly into quicker time, we have, with a few exceptions, discarded.

At the same time we have brought together a collection which is rich in those tones on which the most effective and lasting congregational tunes are

built, and we are confident that its use will train the schools for a yet higher delight in the choral praises of the sanctuary.

In the matter of compass something must also be allowed to the Sunday-school. As a rule, the young voices should not sing above *E* ♭. The parts should not skip about, but move in a simple and compact manner, otherwise the weakness of the young notes will become painfully apparent, and the singers be discouraged by the songs which are given to inspire them.

3d. This book is compiled with the view of making the service of song the means of efficient evangelical impression. We have aimed to put the Gospel into our collection, small as it is, and to make both the hymns and the tunes the direct vehicle of the truth, and of the impression which the Gospel should convey to the members of the School. Superintendents are urged to study it in this light, and to encourage both scholars and teachers to commit the hymns to memory. Some of them are arrows already drawn on the bow of song, and only waiting for a watchful and judicious hand to let them fly at the right moment, and with the right aim.

4th. A few words to leaders and superintendents: (*a.*) Study the hymns and tunes. Know the book; use it skillfully and with discrimination. (*b.*) Be enterprising. Use the book up. It is a little one; and has nothing poor and useless in it. These tunes are not experiments. They are tried and trusty. We are sure of them, and can say that if any of them seem to fail in your schools it will be because they are not sung properly. (*c.*) Be patient with your schools. Lead them on slowly; but keep them in motion, and have something new and fresh before them continually. Childhood delights in variety and newness. This book is rich in tunes that will be new in our schools. Be sure that you know *how* to sing the tunes you give out. Compare notes with the best accessible singers, and get a vivid conception of each tune, new and old alike. Require the school to sing up to your idea. Be very strict about the time, otherwise you will fail of giving the children the inspiration of the rhythmical movement. Sing fast rather than slow; and remember that these tunes will not sing themselves. No good tunes will. They must be practiced under the best leadership you can find. The most important qualities of a Sunday-school chorister are enterprise, a correct ear, and a quick and exacting sense of time. Happily they are all within the reach of the ordinary musician. (*d.*) As to accompaniment, the piano is best, the cornet next. The melodeon is a dangerous instrument which, unless used in small rooms or with great spirit, and played so as to mark the time and accent, is likely to have little leading quality, and to swamp the rhythm, and carry everything off into a dull, nerveless melodic drawl. (*e.*) Tone and noise are different things. Encourage your schools to sing with round, open, sweet tone. Do not press them beyond what they

can do sweetly. Avoid strained, noisy, brassy tones like poison, for such they are, and of a deadly kind to the voices and the taste of the children.

5th. As to contents, a number of old, and, to a considerable extent, now disused tunes have been introduced, such as Haddam, Tamworth, Correlli, Peters, Austria, etc. We have great confidence in them, and most earnestly desire to see them reintroduced into congregational use through the Sunday-schools. They are rich in inspiring tones, which must seize on the young singer's interest and imagination, and restore them to a new popularity. It has been a cherished hope with us to make this book helpful to the praises of the congregation by the revival of such tunes.

Although the book is not as full as we should have made it, were it our design to compile a complete book, it will be found to cover a reasonably wide range of topics.

A few appropriate chants introduce it, then follow hymns of praise and of various sentiment adapted to the Sunday-school—hymns of confession and repentance—of faith and submission—of hope, and triumph, and worship—hymns of narrative—hymns turning on the cardinal points of the Saviour's work and doctrine, and descriptive of faith in Him—and hymns of invitation. At the end are given hymns about heaven, death, judgment, and hymns of comfort and peace in God.

The joyful festivals and occasions of the year, such as the Lord's Day, Christmas, Easter, New Year's Day, etc., are provided for, and in No. 109 will be found two verses of Gerhardt's hymn in commemoration of the death and passion of our Lord.

The youngest classes have not been forgotten, but a number of hymns and tunes have been introduced which it is believed will prove very useful and pleasing in the infant department of the schools.

And now, dear friends and workers in the common cause, may God give you such blessing and such delight in your holy employments, that no language but that of Christian hymns and song will seem fit to utter them, and may this book prove the helper of your joy, and be in School and Church and Home what we have named it—

THE AID TO PRAISE.

FOR USE IN THE

SUNDAY-SCHOOL.

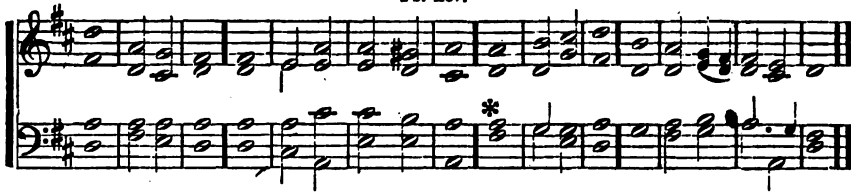
Tellie.



- 1 Our Father which | art in | heaven,
Hallowed | be ——— | — Thy ——— | name.
- 2 Thy | kingdom | come.
Thy will be done on earth | as it | is in | heaven.
- 3 Give us this day our | daily | bread;
And forgive us our debts, as | we for- | give our | debtors;
- 4 And lead us not | into temp | tation,
But de- | liver | us from | evil;
- 5 For thine is the kingdom, and the | power, and the | glory,
For | ever | A — | men.

I. VENITE, EXULTEMUS DOMINO.

Ps. xcv.



1. O come, let us sing un- | to the | Lord ; || Let us heartily rejoice in the | strength
of | our sal- | vation.
2. Let us come before His presence | with thanks- | giving ; || And show ourselves |
glad in | Him with | psalms.
3. For the Lord is a- | great— | God ; || And a great | King a- | bove all | gods.
4. In His hands are all the corners | of the | earth ; || And the strength of the |
hills is | His— | also.
5. The sea is His | and He | made it ; || And His hands pre- | pared | the dry | land.
6. O come, let us worship | and fall | down ; || And kneel be- | fore the | Lord our |
Maker.
- 7 For He is the | Lord our | God ; || And we are the people of His pasture, and
the | sheep of | His— | hand.
8. O worship the Lord in the | beauty of | holiness ; || Let the whole | earth ••
stand in | awe of | Him.
- *9. For He cometh, for He cometh to | judge the | earth ; || And with righteousness
to judge the world, and the | people | with His | truth.
10. Glory be to the Father, and | to the | Son, || And | to the | Holy | Ghost ;
11. As it was in the beginning, is now, and | ever •• shall | be, || World without |
end. A- | men, A- | men.

2. CHANT. 23d PSALM.

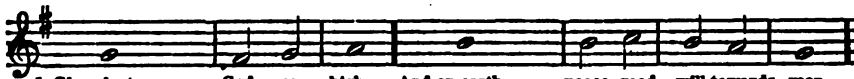
Air and Alto.

Bass and Tenor.



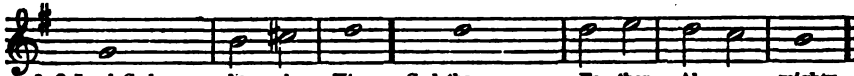
- 1 The Lord is my shepherd ; I | shall not want.
- 2 He maketh me to lie down in green pastures ; He leadeth me beside the | still —
| waters.
- 3 He restoreth my soul ; He leadeth me in the paths of righteousness for his | name's—
— sake,
- 4 Yea, though I walk through the valley of the shadow of death
I will fear no evil : for Thou art with me ; Thy rod and Thy | staff they | comfort me.
- 5 Thou preparest a table before me in the presence of mine enemies,
Thou anointest my head with oil : my | cup - - runneth | over.
- 6 Surely goodness and mercy shall follow me all the days of my life ;
And I shall dwell in the house of the | Lord for | ever. A — men.

3. GLORIA IN EXCELSIS.



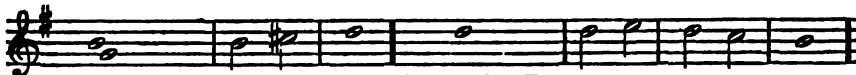
1. Glory be to God on high, And on earth,— peace, good - will towards men.

2. We praise Thee, we { bless Thee, we { wor - ship Thee, We glorify Thee. we { give thanks to { Thee for Thy great glory.



3. O Lord God, Heavenly King, God, the Fa - ther Al - - - mighty.

4. O Lord, the only { begotten Son, { Je - sus Christ. O Lord God, Lamb { of { God, Son of the Father!

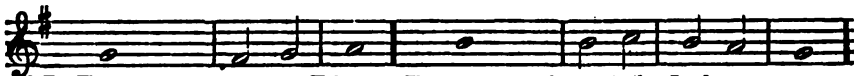


5. That takest away the . . . sins of the world, Have mercy up - on us.

6. Thou that takest away the . . . sins of the world, Have mercy up - on us.

7. Thou that takest away the . . . sins of the world, Be - - - ceive our prayer.

8. Thou that sittest at the right hand of God, the Father, Have mercy up - on us.



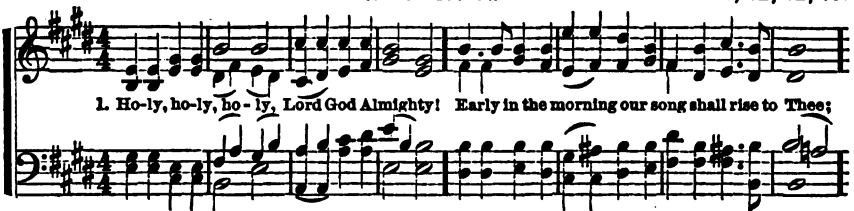
9. For Thou only art Holy, Thou on - ly art the Lord.

10. Thou only, O Christ, { with the { Ho - ly Ghost, Art Most High { in the { glory of God, the Father. A - men.



4. NICAEA.

11, 12, 12, 10.

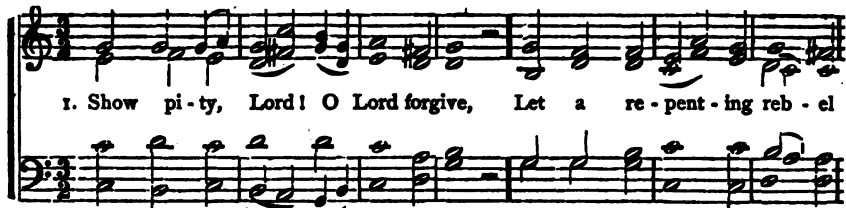


1. Ho-ly, ho-ly, ho-ly, Lord God Almighty! Early in the morning our song shall rise to Thee;



Holy, ho-ly, ho-ly! Mer-ci-ful and Mighty! God in Three Per-sons, Blessed Trini-ty!

5. MENDEL.



1. Show pi - ty, Lord! O Lord forgive, Let a re - pent - ing reb - el

2. My crimes are great, but ne'er surpass The power and glo - ry of Thy
live; Are not Thy mer - cies large and free? May not a sin - ner
grace; Great God! Thy na - ture hath no bound, So let Thy pard'ning

trust in Thee? May not a sin - ner trust in Thee?
love be found. So let Thy par - d'ning love be found.

3 My lips with shame my sins confess,
Against Thy law, against Thy grace;
Lord! should Thy judgments grow severe,
I am condemned, but Thou art clear.

4 Yet save a trembling sinner, Lord!
Whose hope, still hovering round Thy word,
Would light on some sweet promise there,
Some sure support against despair.

Isaac Watts, 1719.

THE CONCLUSION OF HYMN 4.

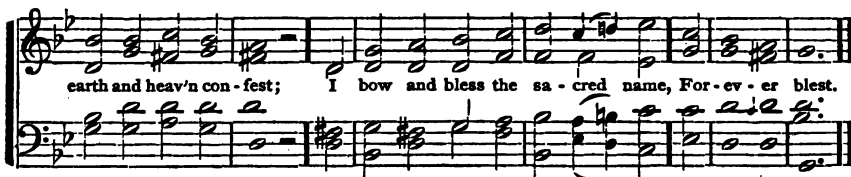
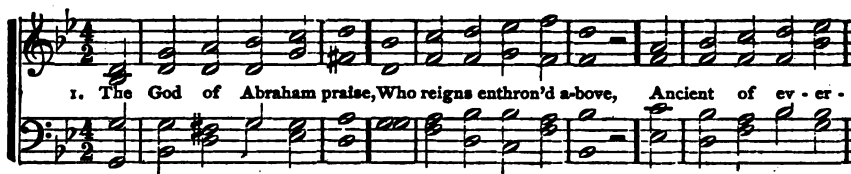
2 Holy, holy, holy! all the saints adore Thee,
Casting down their golden crowns around the glassy sea,
Cherubim and seraphim falling down before Thee,
Which wert and art and ever more shalt be.

3 Holy, holy, holy! though the darkness hide Thee,

Though the eye of sinful man Thy glory may not see,
Only Thou art holy; there is none beside Thee,
Perfect in pow'r, in love, and purity!

4 Holy, holy, holy! Lord God Almighty!
All Thy works shall praise Thy name, in earth and sky and sea;
Holy, holy, holy, merciful and mighty!
God in Three Persons, blessed Trinity.

6. LEONI.



2 The God of Abraham praise!
At whose supreme command
From earth I rise, and seek the joys
At His right hand;
I all on earth forsake,
Its wisdom, fame, and power,
And Him my only portion make,
My Shield and Tower.

3 The God of Abraham praise!
Whose all-sufficient grace
Shall guide me all my happy days,
In all my ways;
He calls a worm His friend!
He calls Himself my God!
And He shall save me to the end,
Through Jesus' blood.

4 He by Himself hath sworn,
I on His oath depend;
I shall, on eagle's wings upborne,
To heaven ascend;
I shall behold His face,
I shall His power adore,
And sing the wonders of His grace
Forevermore!

5 The God, who reigns on high,
The great archangels sing,
And "Holy, holy, holy," cry,
Almighty King!
Who was, and is, the same,
And evermore shall be!
Jehovah! Father! Great I Am!
We worship Thee!

6 Before the Saviour's face
The ransomed nations bow,
O'erwhelmed at His Almighty grace,
Forever new;
He shows His prints of love;
They kindle to a flame, [above,
And sound, through all the worlds
The slaughtered Lamb!

7 The whole triumphant host
Give thanks to God on high;
"Hail Father, Son, and Holy Ghost"
They ever cry;
Hail Abraham's God, and mine!
I join the heavenly lays;
All might and majesty are Thine,
And endless praise!

7. MAGDALENA.

1. I need thee, precious Je - sus, For I am full of sin; My soul is dark and

guilty, My heart is dead with-in; I need the cleansing fountain, Where I can al-ways

flee, The blood of Christ most precious, The sin - ner's per-fect plea.

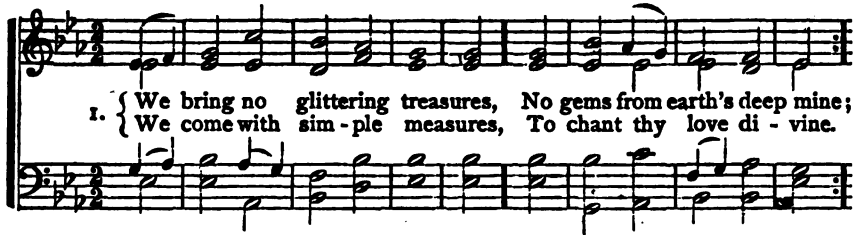
2 I need thee, precious Jesus,
For I am very poor;
A stranger and a pilgrim;
I have no earthly store.
I need the love of Jesus,
To cheer me on my way,
To guide my doubting footsteps,
To be my strength and stay.

3 I need thee, precious Jesus,
I need a friend like thee,
A friend to soothe and pity,
A friend to care for me;
I need the heart of Jesus,
To feel each anxious care;
To tell my every trial,
And all my sorrows share.

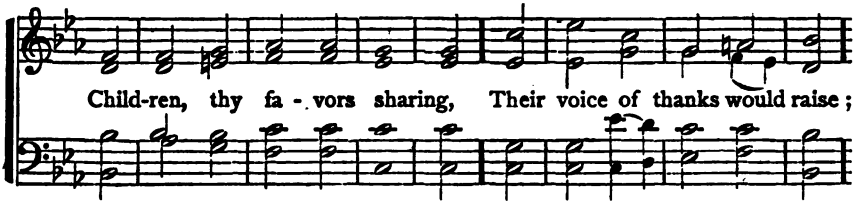
4 I need thee, precious Jesus,
I need thee day by day,
To fill me with thy fulness,
To lead me on thy way;
I need thy Holy Spirit,
To teach me what I am;
To show me more of Jesus,
To point me to the Lamb.

5 I need thee, precious Jesus,
And hope to see thee soon
Encircled with the rainbow,
And seated on thy throne;
There, with thy blood-bought children,
My joy shall ever be
To sing thy praises, Jesus,
To gaze, my Lord, on thee.

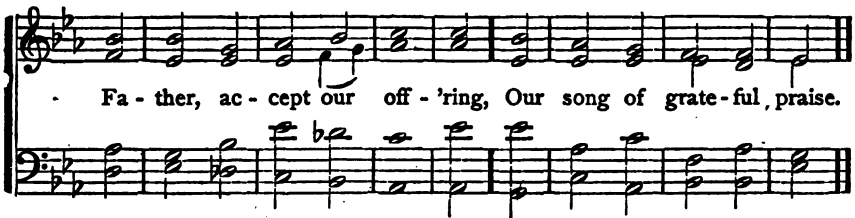
8. "CAST THY BURDEN."



1. { We bring no glittering treasures, No gems from earth's deep mine;
We come with simple measures, To chant thy love di-vine.



Child-ren, thy fa-vors sharing, Their voice of thanks would raise;




Fa-ther, ac-cept our off-'ring, Our song of grate-ful praise.

Redeemer! grant thy blessing!
Oh, teach us how to pray!
That each, thy fear possessing,
May tread life's onward way:

Then, where the pure are dwelling,
We hope to meet again:
And, sweeter numbers swelling,
Forever praise thy name.

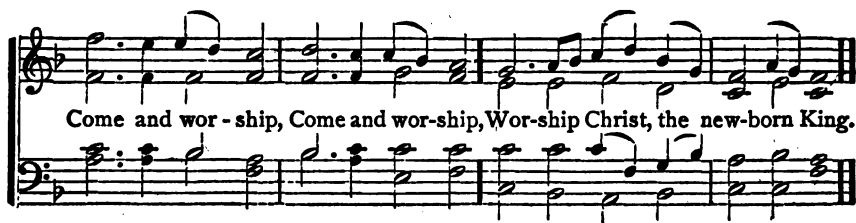
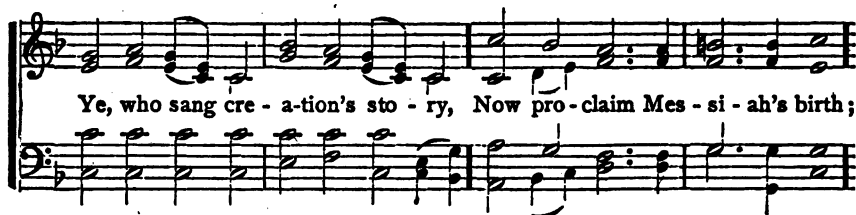
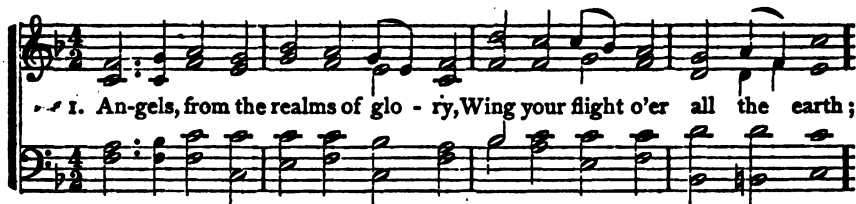
9. CHANT.—"Blessed be the Lord."



1. Blessed be the Lord God of Israel, For he hath visited and re-deem'd his people.

2. And hath rais'd up a mighty sal- 3. As he spake by the mouth of his 4. That we should be saved 5. Glory be to the Fa- ther, and 6. As it was in the be- ginning, is now, and	va-tion for us In the house of his ser-vant David. ho-ly prophets, Which have been since the world be-gan. from our enemies, And from the hand of all that hate us. to the Son, And to the Ho-ly Ghost. ev-er shall be, World with-out end, A-men.
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10. HAYDN'S HYMN.



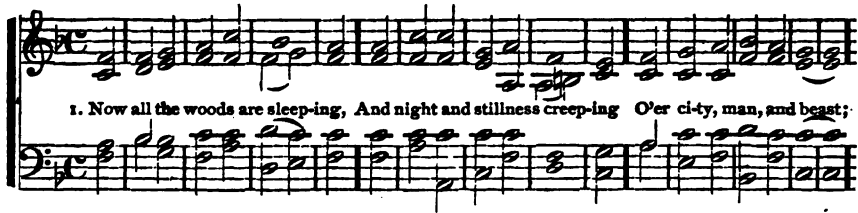
2 Shepherds, in the field abiding,
Watching o'er your flocks by night,
God with man is now residing,
Yonder shines the infant-light.
Come and worship,—
Worship Christ, the new-born King.

3 Sages, leave your contemplations :
Brighter visions beam afar ;
Seek the great Desire of nations :
Ye have seen His natal star.
Come and worship, &c.

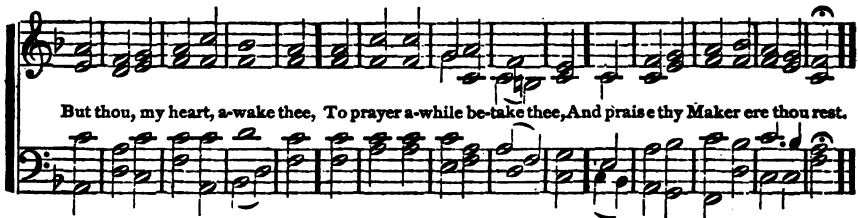
4 Saints before the altar bending,
Watching long in hope and fear,
Suddenly the Lord, descending,
In His temple shall appear.
Come and worship, &c.

5 Sinners, wrung with true repentance,
Doomed for guilt to endless pains,
Justice now revokes the sentence ;
Mercy calls you, break your chains ;
Come and worship, &c.

II. "NOW ALL THE WOODS ARE SLEEPING."



1. Now all the woods are sleep-ing, And night and stillness creep-ing O'er ci-ty, man, and beast;



But thou, my heart, a-wake thee, To prayer a-while be-take thee, And praise thy Maker ere thou rest.

2 The last faint beam is going,
The golden stars are glowing
In yonder dark blue deep;
And such the glory given -
When called of God to heaven,
On earth no more we pine and weep.

3 Ye aching limbs! now rest you,
For toil hath sore oppressed you,
Lie down, my weary head;
A sleep shall once o'ertake you
From which earth ne'er shall wake you,
Within a narrower, colder bed.

4 My Jesus, stay Thou by me,
And let no foe come nigh me,
Safe sheltered by thy wing;
But would the foe alarm me,
Oh let him never harm me,
But still thine angels round me sing!

5 My loved ones, rest securely,
From every peril surely
Our God will guard your heads;
And happy slumbers send you,
And bid His hosts attend you,
And golden-armed watch o'er your beds.

Hymn for the Tune "Kreutzer," (on opposite page.)

1 Who, O Lord, when life is o'er,
Shall to heaven's blest mansions soar?
Who, an ever-welcome guest,
In thy holy place shall rest?

2 He whose heart thy love has warmed;
He whose will to thine conformed,
Bids his life unsullied run;
He whose words and thoughts are one:

3 He who shuns the sinner's road,
Loving those who love their God;
Who, with hope and faith unfeigned,
Treads the path by thee ordained;—

4 He who trusts in Christ alone,
Not in aught himself hath done;—
He, great God, shall be thy care,
And thy choicest blessings share.

12. HANOVER.



1. O praise ye the Lord; prepare your glad voice, His praise in the great as-sembly to sing;
In their great Cre-a-tor let all men re-joice, And hails of sal-va-tion be glad in their King.

2 With glory adorn'd, his people shall sing
To God, who defence and plenty supplies;
Their loud acclamations to Him, their great King,
Through earth shall be sounded, and reach to the skies.

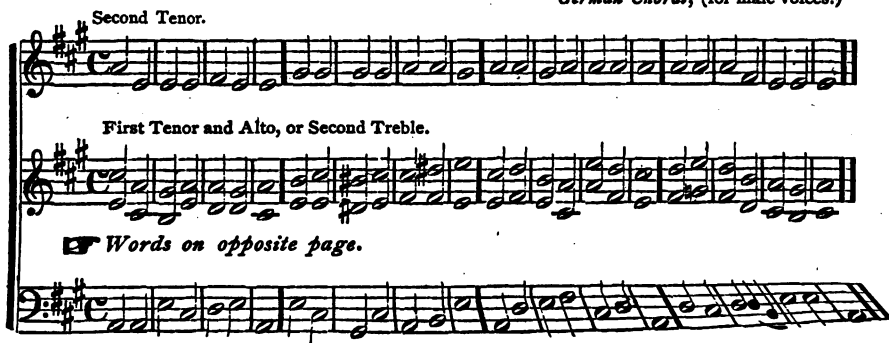
3 Ye angels above, his glories who've sung,
In loftiest notes, now publish his praise;
We mortals, delighted, would borrow your tongue,
Would join in your numbers, and chaunt to your lays.



13. KREUTZER.

German Choral, (for male voices.)

Second Tenor.

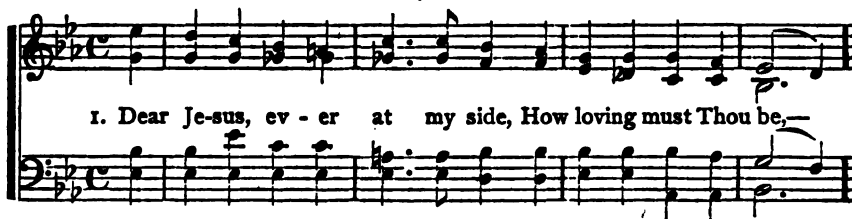


First Tenor and Alto, or Second Treble.

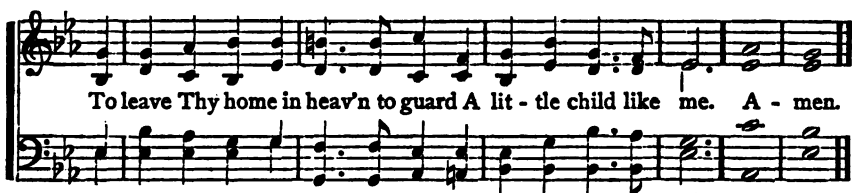
Words on opposite page.

14. "DEAR JESUS, EVER AT MY SIDE."

C. M.



1. Dear Je-sus, ev - er at my side, How loving must Thou be,—



To leave Thy home in heav'n to guard A lit - tle child like me. A - men.

- 2 I cannot feel Thee touch my hand,
With pressure light and mild,
To check me as my mother did,
When I was but a child.
- 3 But I have felt Thee in my thoughts,
Rebuking sin for me;
And, when my heart loves God, I know
The sweetness is from Thee.

- 4 And when, dear Saviour, I kneel down,
Morning and night, to prayer,
Something there is within my heart
Which tells me Thou art there.
- 5 Yes, when I pray, Thou prayest too;
Thy prayer is all for me;
But when I sleep, Thou sleepest not,
But watchest patiently.



15. "THE WINDS WERE HOWLING O'ER THE DEEP." C. M.



Amen.

- 1 The winds were howling o'er the deep,
Each wave a watery hill;
The Saviour wakened from His sleep,
He spake, and all was still.
- 2 The madman in a tomb had made
His mansion of despair:
Woe to the traveller who strayed
With heedless footsteps there.
- 3 The chains hung broken from his arm,
Such strength can hell supply;
And fiendish hate, and fierce alarm,
Flashed from his hollow eye.

- 4 He met that glance so thrilling sweet,
He heard those accents mild;
And melting at Messiah's feet,
Wept like a weaned child.
- 5 O, madder than the raving man,
O, deafar than the sea:
How long the time since Christ began
To call in vain to me.
- 6 Yet could I hear Him once again,
As I have heard of old,
Methinks He should not call in vain
His wanderer to the fold.

16. "MEET AND RIGHT IT IS TO SING." 7, 6. Peculiar.

1st time. 2d time.

1. { Meet and right it is to sing, In every time and place,
Glo-ry to your Heav'nly King, The God of truth and grace; Join we then with

sweet ac - cord. All in one thanksgiving join: Holy, ho-ly, holy Lord, Eternal praise be thine.

2 Thee the first-born sons of light,
In choral symphonies,
Praise by day, day without night,
And never, never cease;
Angels, and archangels, all
Praise the mystic Three in One;
Sing, and stop, and gaze, and fall
O'erwhelmed before Thy throne.

3 Vying with that heavenly choir,
Who chant Thy praise above,
We on eagle's wings aspire,—
The wings of faith and love;
Thee they sing, with glory crown'd,
We extol the slaughtered Lamb.
Lower if our voices sound,
Our subject is the same.

16. (a) CRUSADER'S HYMN.

P. M.

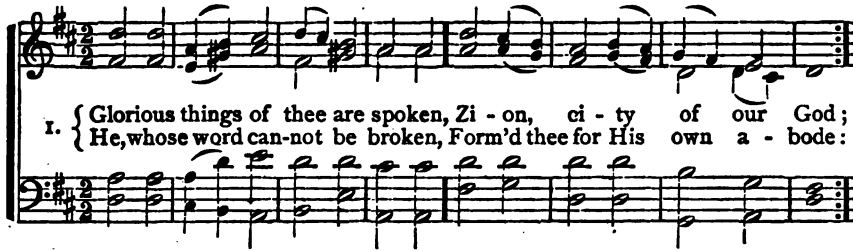
1. Fairest Lord Je - sus, Ru - ler of all na - ture, O Thou of God and man the Son!

Thee will I cher - ish, Thee will I hon - or, Thou, my soul's glo - ry, joy and' crown.

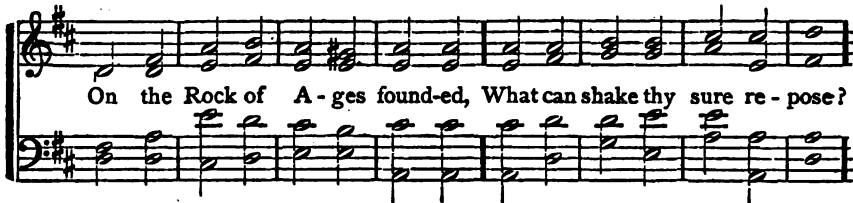
2 Fair are the meadows,
Fairer still the woodlands,
Robed in the blooming garb of Spring:
Jesus is fairer, Jesus is purer,
Who makes the woeful heart to sing.

3 Fair is the sunshine,
Fairer still the moonlight,
And the twinkling, starry host: [purer
Jesus shines brighter, Jesus shines
Than all the angels heaven can boast.

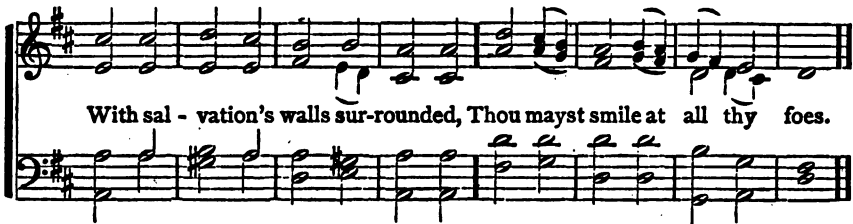
17. GLORIOUS THINGS OF THEE ARE SPOKEN.



1. { Glorious things of thee are spoken, Zi - on, ci - ty of our God;
He, whose word can-not be broken, Form'd thee for His own a - bode:



On the Rock of A - ges found-ed, What can shake thy sure re - pose?



With sal - vation's walls sur-rounded, Thou mayst smile at all thy foes.

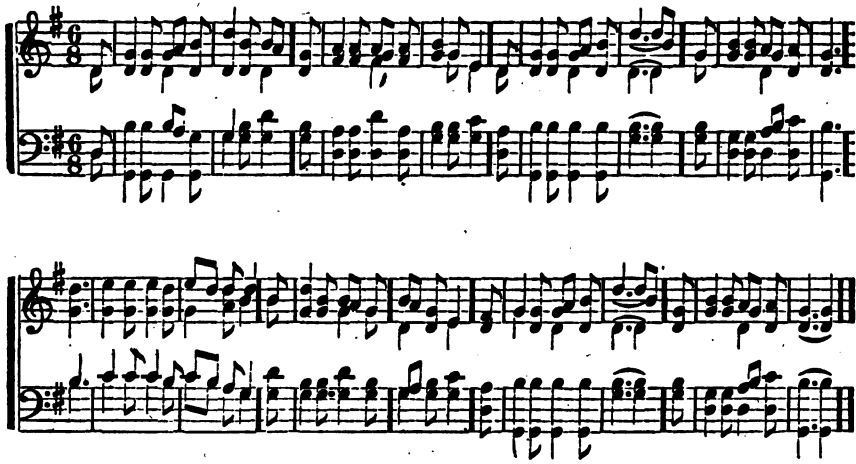
2 See, the streams of living waters,
Springing from eternal love,
Will supply thy sons and daughters,
And all fear of want remove:
Who can faint, while such a river
Ever flows their thirst to assuage;
Grace, which, like the Lord the giver,
Never fails from age to age.

3 Round each habitation hovering,
See the cloud and fire appear
For a glory and a covering;
Showing that the Lord is near.
Thus deriving from their banner
Light by night, and shade by day,
Safe they feed upon the manna,
Which He gives them when they pray.

4 Saviour, if of Zion's city
I, through grace, a member am,
Let the world deride or pity,
I will glory in Thy name:
Fading is the worldling's pleasure,
All his boasted pomp and show;
Solid joys and lasting treasure
None but Zion's children know

18. GARDEN.

C. P. M.



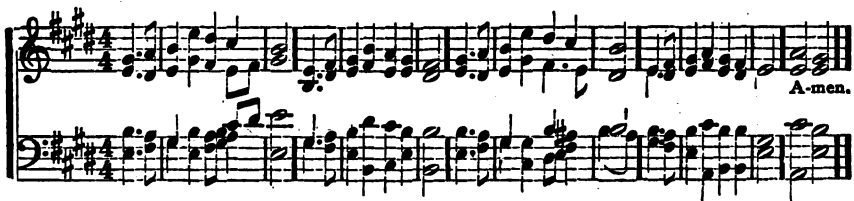
1 The Lord into His garden comes,
The spices yield a rich perfume,
||: The lilies grow and thrive, ||
Refreshing show'rs of grace divine,
From Jesus flow to every vine,
||: And make the dead revive.:||

2 This makes the dry and barren ground
In springs of water to abound,
||: And fruitful soil become: ||
The desert blossoms like the rose,
When Jesus conquers all His foes,
||: And makes His people one. ||



19. INNOCENTS.

7.



1 God eternal, mighty King,
Unto Thee our praise we bring;
All the earth doth worship Thee,
We amid the throng would be.

2 Glorified Apostles raise
Night and day continual praise;
Hast not Thou a mission too
For Thy children here to do?

3 With the Prophets' goodly line
We in mystic bond combine;
For Thou hast to us revealed
Things that to the wise were sealed.

4 Martyrs, in a noble host,
Of the cross are heard to boast;
Oh, that we our cross may bear,
And a crown of glory wear.

20. ST. GEORGE.

7. D.



1 Pleasant are Thy courts above,
In the land of light and love;
Pleasant are Thy courts below
In this land of sin and woe.
O my spirit longs and faints
For the converse of Thy saints,
For the brightness of Thy face,
King of Glory, God of grace.

2 Happy birds that sing and fly
Round Thy altars, O Most High!
Happier souls, that find a rest,
In a heavenly Father's breast!
Like the wandering dove, that found
No repose on earth around,
They can to their ark repair,
And enjoy it ever there.

3 Happy souls! their praises flow,
Ever in this vale of woe;
Waters in the desert rise,
Manna feeds them from the skies;
On they go from strength to strength,
Till they reach Thy throne at length;
At Thy feet adoring fall,
Who hast led them safe through all.

4 Lord, be mine this prize to win;
Guide me through a world of sin,
Keep me by Thy saving grace,
Give me at Thy side a place;
Sun and shield alike Thou art;
Guide and guard my erring heart;
Grace and glory flow from Thee;
Shower, O shower them, Lord, on me.

21. "COME, YE THANKFUL PEOPLE."

1 Come, ye thankful people, come,
Raise the song of Harvest-home!
All is safely gathered in,
Ere the winter storms begin,
God our Maker, doth provide,
For our wants to be supplied:
Come to God's own temple, come;
Raise the song of Harvest-home!

2 What is earth but God's own field,
Fruit unto His praise to yield?
Wheat and tares therein are sown,
Unto joy or sorrow grown:
Ripening with a wond'rous pow'r,
Till the final Harvest-hour:
Grant, O Lord of life, that we
Holy grain and pure may be.

3 For we know that Thou wilt come,
And wilt take thy people home;
From Thy field wilt purge away
All that doth offend, that day;
And Thine Angels charge at last
In the fire the tares to cast,
But the fruitful ears to store
In Thy garner evermore.

4 Come then, Lord of mercy, come,
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-home!
Let Thy saints be gathered in,
Free from sorrow, free from sin;
All upon the golden floor
Praising Thee forevermore;
Come, with thousand angels, come;
Bid us sing Thy Harvest-home!

22. NORTHFIELD.

1. Lo! what a glorious sight appears To our believing eyes! The earth and seas, the

Earth and seas are pass'd away, And the old rolling skies, And the old rolling skies.

- 2 Attending angels, shout for joy,
And the bright armies sing,—
"Mortals, behold the sacred seat
Of your descending King."
3 "His own kind hand shall wipe the tears
From every weeping eye;

- And pains, and groans, and griefs, and
And death itself shall die." [fears,
4 How long, dear Saviour! Oh! how long,
Shall this bright hour delay?
Fly swifter round, ye wheels of time!
And bring the welcome day.



23. "OH, HOW COULD I FORGET HIM?"

{ Oh how could I for - get Him Who ne'er for-get-teth me? }
{ Or tell the love that let Him Descend to set me free? } Have not I seen Him dying

For us on yon-der tree? Have not I heard Him cry - ing, A - rise, and fol - low me!

24. FOLSOM.

P. M.

1. Bright-est and best of the sons of the morn-ing, Dawn on our

dark-ness, and lend us Thine aid; Star of the East, the ho-

- ri - zon a-dorn-ing, Guide where our in-fant Re-deem-er is laid.

2 Cold on His cradle the dew-drops are shining,
 Low lies His head with the beasts of the stall;
 Angels adore Him in slumber reclining,
 Maker, and Monarch, and Saviour of all.

3 Say, shall we yield Him in costly devotion
 Odors of Edom, and offerings divine,
 Gems of the mountain, and pearls of the ocean,
 Myrrh from the forest, or gold from the mine?

4 Vainly we offer each ample oblation;
 Vainly with gifts would His favor secure:
 Richer by far is the heart's adoration;
 Dearer to God are the prayers of the poor.

5 Brightest and best of the sons of the morning,
 Dawn on our darkness, and lend us Thine aid;
 Star of the East, the horizon adorning,
 Guide where our infant Redeemer is laid.

25. THE CLEANSING FOUNTAIN.

1. There is a fountain fill'd with blood, Drawn from Immanuel's veins, And sinners plung'd beneath that flood,

FINE. *D.S.*
Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains, Lose all their guilty stains.

- 2 The dying thief rejoiced to see
That fountain in his day;
And there have I, as vile as he,
Washed all my sins away.
- 3 Dear dying Lamb! Thy precious blood
Shall never lose its power,
Till all the ransom'd Church of God
Be saved, to sin no more.

- 4 E'er since, by faith, I saw the stream
Thy flowing wounds supply,
Redeeming love has been my theme,
And shall be, till I die.
- 5 Then in a nobler, sweeter song,
I'll sing thy power to save, [tongue
When this poor lisping, stammering
Lies silent in the grave.

26. JESUS PAID IT ALL.

1. I hear the Saviour say, Thy strength indeed is small; Child of weakness watch and

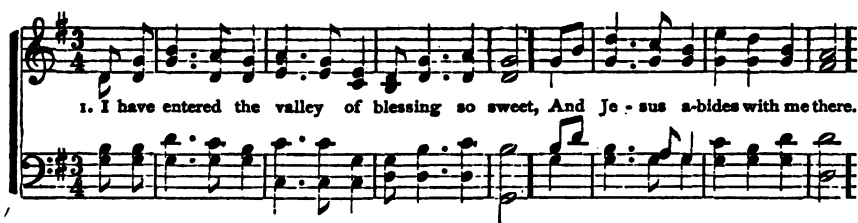
CHORUS.
pray, Find in Me thine all in all: Je-sus paid it all: All to Him I

owe; Sin had left a crimson stain; He wash'd it white as snow.

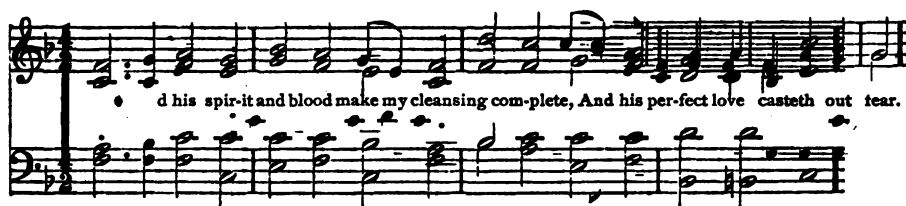
- 2 O Lord, at last I find
Thy power, and Thine alone,
Can change this heart of mine,
And make it all Thine own.—CHO.
- 3 Then down beneath the cross,
I lay my sin-sick soul;
Nothing I bring but dross,
Thy grace must make me whole. CHO.
- 4 I now in Christ abide—
In Him is perfect rest;

- Close sheltered in His side,
I am divinely blest.—CHO.
- 5 When at my post I fall,
My ransomed soul shall rise;
And "Jesus paid it all,"
Shall rend the vaulted skies.—CHO.
- 6 And when, in heaven above,
At Jesus' feet I fall,
My song shall ever be—
Jesus hath paid it all.—CHO.

27. VALLEY OF BLESSING.

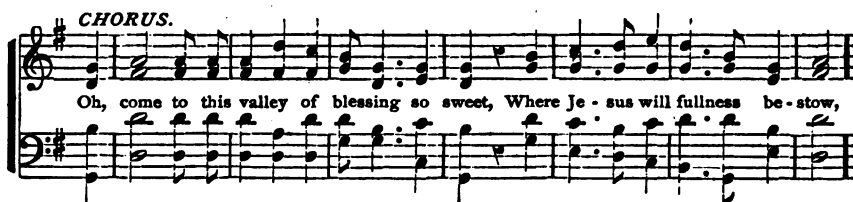


1. I have entered the valley of blessing so sweet, And Je - sus a-bides with me there.

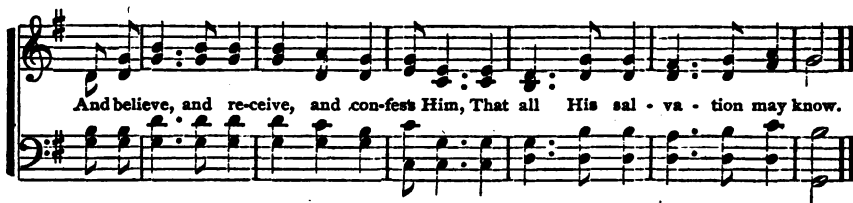


d his spir-it and blood make my cleansing com-plete, And his per-fect love casteth out fear.

CHORUS.



Oh, come to this valley of blessing so sweet, Where Je - sus will fullness be-stow,



And believe, and re-ceive, and con-fess Him, That all His sal - va - tion may know.

- 2 There is peace in the valley of blessing so sweet,
And plenty the land doth impart;
And there's rest for the weary-worn traveler's feet,
And joy for the sorrowing heart.—CHORUS.
- 3 There is love in the valley of blessing so sweet,
Such as none but the blood-washed may feel;
When heaven comes down redeemed spirits to greet,
And Christ sets his covenant seal.—CHORUS.
- 4 There's a song in the valley of blessing so sweet,
That angels would join in the strain—
As, with rapturous praises, we bow at his feet,
Crying, "Worthy the Lamb that was slain!"—CHORUS.

28. LUBECK.

1. On this day, the first of days, God the Father's name we praise;
Who, cre - a - tion's Fount and Spring, Did the world from dark-ness bring.

2 On this day th' Eternal Son
Over death His triumph won;
On this day the Spirit came
With His gifts of living flame.

3 Holy Jesus! may I be
Dead and buried here with Thee;
And, by love inflamed, arise
Unto Thee a sacrifice,

4 Thou who dost all gifts impart,
Shine, sweet Spirit, in my heart;
Best of gifts, Thyself bestow,
Make me burn Thy love to know.

5 God, the blesséd Three in One!
Dwell within my heart alone;
Thou dost give Thyself to me,
May I give myself to Thee.

SABBATH EVENING.

1 Softly fades the twilight ray
Of the holy Sabbath day;
Gently as life's setting sun,
When the Christian's course is run.

2 Saviour! may our Sabbaths be
Days of peace and joy in Thee;
Till in heaven our souls repose,
Where the Sabbath ne'er shall close.

29. LUDWIG.

1. Lord, we come before Thee now, At Thy feet we humbly bow; Oh, do not our
suit disdain; Shall we seek Thee, Shall we seek Thee, Shall we seek Thee, Lord, in vain?

2 Lord, on Thee our souls depend;
In compassion now descend;
Fill our hearts with Thy rich grace,
Tune our lips to sing Thy praise.

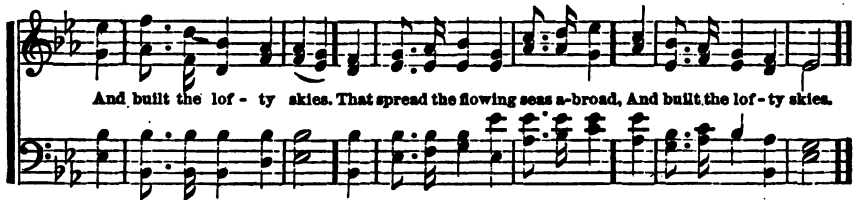
3 Send some message from Thy word
That may joy and peace afford.
Let Thy Spirit now impart
Full salvation to each heart.

30. VARINA.

C. M. D.



1. I sing th'Almighty pow'r of God, That made the mountains rise; That spread the flowing seas abroad,



And built the lof - ty skies. That spread the flowing seas a-broad, And built the lof - ty skies.

2 I sing the wisdom that ordained
The sun to rule the day;
||: The moon shines full at His command,
And all the stars obey.:||

3 I sing the goodness of the Lord,
That filled the earth with food;
||: He formed the creatures with His word,
And then pronounced them good.:||

4 There's not a plant or flower below
But makes Thy glories known;
||: And clouds arise, and tempests blow,
By order from Thy throne.:||

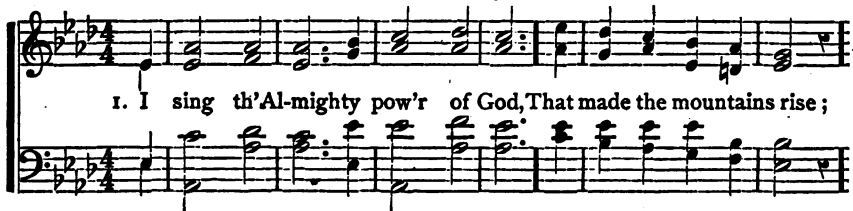
5 Creatures that borrow life from Thee
Are subject to Thy care;
||: There's not a place where we can flee,
But God is present there.:||



31. HUMMEL.

C. M.

SECOND TUNE.—For Hymn above.

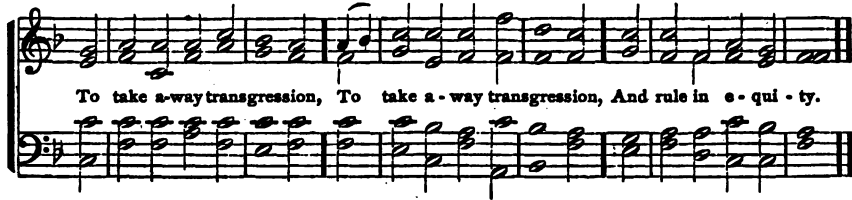
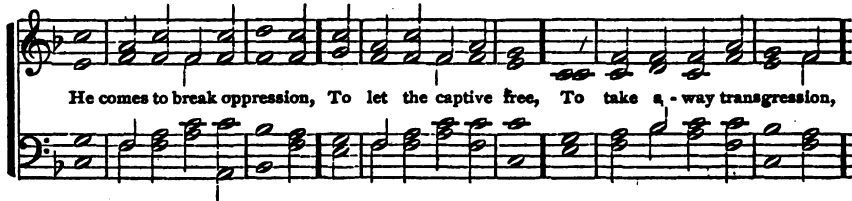
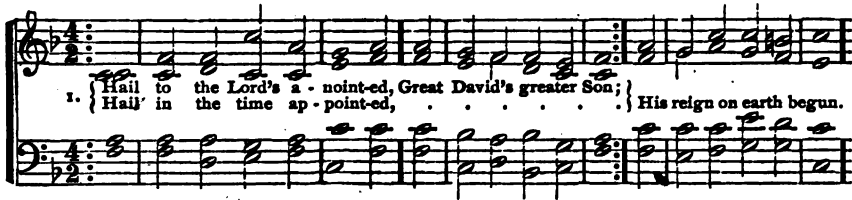


1. I sing th'Al-mighty pow'r of God, That made the mountains rise;



That spread the flow - ing seas a - broad, And built the lof - ty skies.

32. YARMOUTH.



2 He comes with succor speedy,
To those who suffer wrong;
To help the poor and needy,
To bid the weak be strong:
To give them songs for sighing,
Their darkness turn to light,
Whose souls, condemned and dying,
Were precious in His sight.

3 He shall come down like showers
Upon the fruitful earth,
And love, joy, hope, like flowers,
Spring in His path to birth;
Before Him, on the mountains,
Shall Peace, the herald go,
And righteousness, in fountains,
From hill to valley flow.

4 Ara'bia's desert-ranger
To Him shall bow the knee;
The Ethiopian stranger
His glory come to see:
With offerings of devotion,
Ships from the isles shall meet,
To pour the wealth of ocean
In tribute at His feet.

5 Kings shall fall down before Him,
And gold and incense bring;
All nations shall adore Him,
His praise all people sing;
For He shall have dominion
O'er river, sea, and shore
Far as the eagle's pinion,
Or dove's light wing, can soar.

6 For Him shall prayer unceasing,
And daily vows ascend,
His kingdom still increasing,
A kingdom without end:
The mountain-dews shall nourish
A seed in weakness sown,
Whose fruit shall spread and flourish,
And shake like Lebanon.

7 O'er every foe victorious
He on His throne shall rest,
From age to age more glorious,
All blessing and all-blest;
The tide of time shall never
His covenant remove;
His name shall stand forever,
That name to us is Love.

33. MUNICH.

8, 7, 8, 7, 8, 7.



- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem;
 Cleave the skies with shouts of praise;
 Sing to Him who brought salvation,
 Wondrous in His works and ways;
 God eternal, Word incarnate,
 Whom the heaven of heavens obeys.</p> <p>2 Yet this earth He still remembers,
 Still by Him the flock are fed:
 Yea, He gives them food immortal,</p> | <p>Gives Himself, the Living Bread;
 Leads them where the precious Fount-
 From the smitten Rock is shed. [ain</p> <p>3 Trust Him then, ye fainting pilgrims;
 Who shall pluck you from His hand?
 Pledged He stands for your salvation,
 Pledged to give the promised land,
 Where among the ransomed nations
 Ye too round His throne shall stand.</p> |
|--|--|

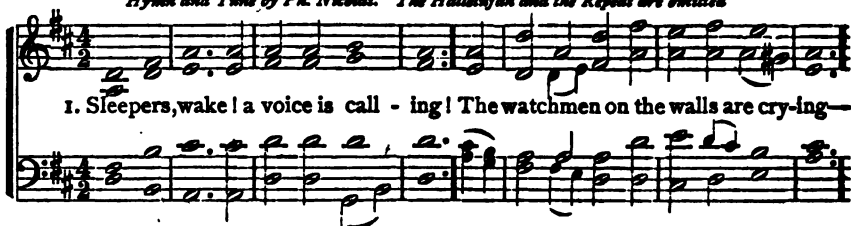
34. ABIDE WITH ME.

(Tune on opposite page.)

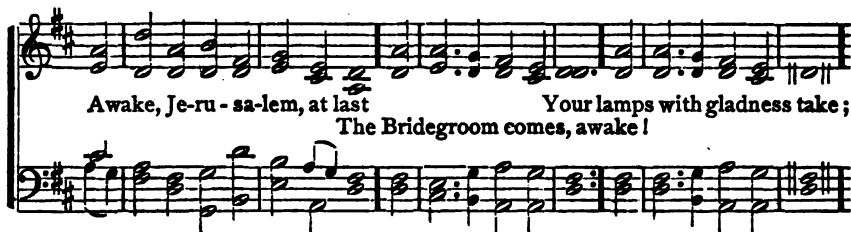
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Abide with me! fast falls the even-
 tide;
 The darkness deepens; Lord, with me
 abide!
 When other helpers fail, and comforts
 flee,
 Help of the helpless, O abide with me!</p> <p>2 Swift to its close ebbs out life's little
 day;
 Earth's joys grow dim; its glories pass
 away;
 Change and decay in all around I see;
 O Thou, who changest not, abide with
 me!</p> <p>3 Not a brief glance I beg, a passing
 word;
 But, as Thou dwell'st with Thy disci-
 ples, Lord,
 Familiar, condescending, patient, free,
 Come, not to sojourn, but abide, with
 me!</p> <p>4 Come not in terrors, as the King of
 kings;
 But kind and good, with healing in Thy
 wings;
 Tears for all woes, a heart for every
 plea;
 Come, Friend of sinners, and thus 'bide
 with me!</p> | <p>5 Thou on my head in early youth didst
 smile;
 And, though rebellious and perverse
 meanwhile,
 Thou hast not left me, oft as I left
 Thee,
 On to the close, O Lord, abide with me!</p> <p>6 I need Thy presence every passing hour:
 What but Thy grace can foil the tempt-
 er's power?
 Who like Thyself my guide and stay
 can be?
 Through cloud and sunshine, O abide
 with me!</p> <p>7 I fear no foe, with Thee at hand to
 bless;
 Ills have no weight, and tears no bit-
 terness:
 Where is death's sting? where, grave,
 thy victory?
 I triumph still, if Thou abide with me!</p> <p>8 Hold Thou Thy cross before my closing
 eyes!
 Shine through the gloom, and point me
 to the skies!
 Heaven's morning breaks, and earth's
 vain shadows flee;
 In life and death, O Lord, abide with
 me!</p> |
|--|---|

35. SLEEPERS WAKE.

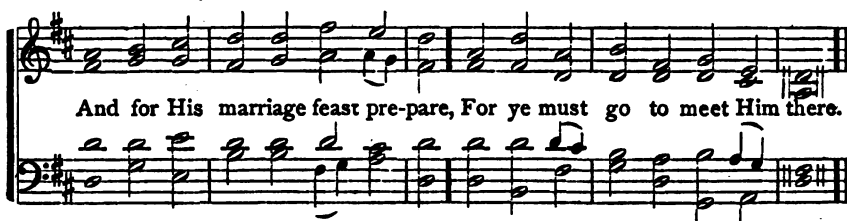
Hymn and Tune by Ph. Nicolai. The Hallelujah and the Repeat are omitted



1. Sleepers, wake! a voice is call - ing! The watchmen on the walls are cry - ing -



Awake, Je - ru - sa - lem, at last Your lamps with gladness take;
The Bridegroom comes, awake!

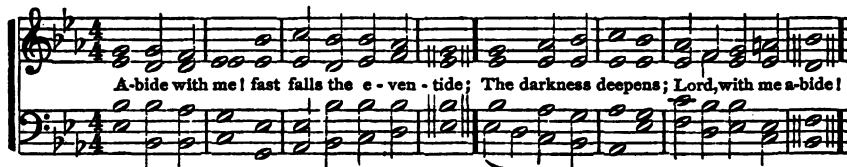


And for His marriage feast pre - pare, For ye must go to meet Him there.

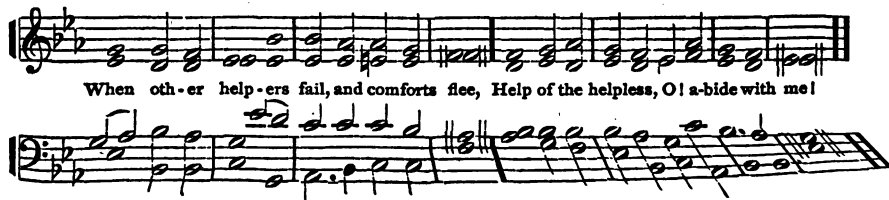
2 Zion hears the watchman singing,
And all her heart with joy is springing,
Her Star is risen,
Her Light is come!

O come forth from Thy throne,
Lord Jesus, God's dear Son!
We follow till the halls we see
Where Thou hast bid us sup with Thee.

34. EVENTIDE.



A - bide with me! fast falls the e - ven - tide; The darkness deepens; Lord, with me a - bide!



When oth - er help - ers fail, and comforts flee, Help of the helpless, O! a - bide with me!

36. "HAIL! THOU LONG-EXPECTED JESUS."

8. 7.

1. Hail! Thou long-ex-pect-ed Je-sus, Born to set Thy peo-ple free;

From our fears and sins re-lease us; Let us find our rest in Thee. A-men.

- 2 Israel's strength and consolation,
Hope of all the earth Thou art;
Long desired of every nation,
Joy of every waiting heart.
3 Born Thy people to deliver,
Born a child, yet God our King,

- Born to reign in us forever,
Now Thy gracious kingdom bring.
4 By Thine own eternal Spirit,
Rule in all our hearts alone:
By Thine all-sufficient merit,
Raise us to Thy glorious throne.

37. "HARK! HARK, MY SOUL! ANGELIC SONGS." P. M.

1. Hark! hark, my soul! An-gel-ic songs are swell-ing O'er earth's green fields, and

ocean's wave-beat shore; How sweet the truth those blessed strains are tell-ing

Of that new life when sin shall be no more! An-gels of Je-sus,

An-gels of light, Sing-ing to wel-come the pilgrims of the night. A-men.

38. "HARK! THE HERALD ANGELS SING."

7.

The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in 4/4 time and the key of D major (indicated by two sharps). The score consists of three systems of staves. The first system has two staves for voices and one for piano. The second system also has two staves for voices and one for piano. The third system has two staves for voices and one for piano, with the instruction 'Small notes 2d time.' above the piano staff. The piece concludes with 'A - men.' written above the final notes of the piano staff.

- 1 Hark! the herald-angels sing
Glory to the new-born King;
Peace on earth and mercy mild,
God and sinners reconciled!
Joyful, all ye nations, rise,
Join the triumph of the skies;
With the angelic host proclaim
Christ is born in Bethlehem.
- 2 Christ, by highest heaven adored;
Christ the Everlasting Lord;
Late in time behold Him come,
Offspring of the Virgin's womb:

Veiled in flesh the Godhead see;
Hail the incarnate Deity,
Pleased as Man with men to dwell:
Jesus, our Emmanuel.

- 3 Risen with healing in His wings,
Light and life to all He brings,
Hail, the Sun of Righteousness;
Hail, the heaven-born Prince of
Holy Father, Holy Son, [Peace!
Holy Spirit, Three in One!
Glory, as of old, to Thee,
Now and evermore shall be!

Conclusion of Hymn 37.

- 2 Onward we go, for still we hear them singing,
"Come, weary souls, for Jesus bids you come;"
And through the dark, its echoes sweetly ringing,
The music of the Gospel leads us home.
- 3 Far, far away, like bells at evening pealing,
The voice of Jesus sounds o'er land and sea,
And laden souls by thousands meekly stealing,
Kind Shepherd, turn their steps to Thee.
- 4 Angels, sing on! your faithful watches keeping;
Sing us sweet fragments of the songs above;
Till morning's joy shall end the night of weeping,
And life's long shadows break in cloudless love. Amen.

39. "AS WITH GLADNESS MEN OF OLD."

7.



1 As with gladness men of old
Did the guiding star behold;
As with joy they hailed its light,
Leading onward, beaming bright:
So, most gracious Lord, may we
Evermore be led to Thee.

2 As they offered gifts most rare,
At that manger rude and bare,
So may we with holy joy,

Pure and free from sin's alloy,
All our costliest treasures bring,
Christ! to Thee our heavenly King.

3 Holy Jesus! every day
Keep us in the narrow way;
And, when earthly things are past,
Bring our ransomed souls at last
Where they need no star to guide,
Where no clouds Thy glory hide.

40. "CHRISTIAN! DOST THOU SEE THEM?" 6, 5, D.



1 Christian! dost thou see them
On the holy ground,
How the powers of darkness
Rage thy steps around?
Christian, up and smite them,
Counting gain but loss;
In the strength that cometh
By the Holy Cross.

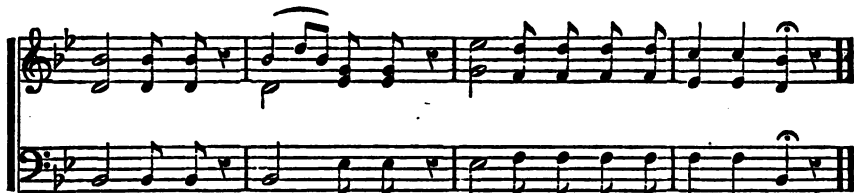
2 Christian! dost thou hear them,
How they speak thee fair?
"Always fast and vigil?
Always watch and prayer?"
Christian! answer boldly:
"While I breathe I pray!"
Peace shall follow battle,
Night shall end in day.

41. VICTORY.

L. M.



CHORUS.



1
Descend from heav'n, Immortal Dove ;
Stoop down and take us on Thy wings ;
And mount, and bear us far above
The reach of these inferior things ;

CHORUS.

Glory, glory, let us sing,
While heaven and earth with glory ring,
Hosanna ; Hosanna !
Hosanna to the Lamb of God.

2
Beyond, beyond this lower sky,
Up where eternal ages roll,
Where solid pleasures never die,
And fruits immortal feast the soul.

3
O for a sight, a pleasing sight,
Of our Almighty Father's throne !
There sits our Saviour crowned with light,
Clothed in a body like our own.

4
Adoring saints around Him stand, [fall ;
And thrones and powers before Him
The God shines gracious through the man,
And sheds sweet glories on them all.

5
O, what amazing joys they feel,
While to their golden harps they sing,
And sit on every heavenly hill,
And spread the triumphs of their King !

42. TAMWORTH.

8, 7, 4.



1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty;
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.
||: Bread of heaven;||
Feed me till I want no more.

2 Open Thou the crystal fountain
Whence the healing streams do flow;
Let the fiery, cloudy pillar

Lead me all my journey through;
||: Strong Deliverer;||
Be Thou still my Strength and Shield.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of death, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side;
||: Songs of praises:||
I will ever give to Thee.

43. "JESUS, TENDER SHEPHERD, HEAR ME.

8, 7.



1 Jesus, tender Shepherd, hear me;
Bless Thy little lamb to-night;
Thro' the darkness be Thou near me;
Keep me safe till morning light.
2 All this day Thy hand has led me,
And I thank thee for thy care;

Thou hast warmed me, clothed and fed
Listen to my evening prayer! [me,
3 Let my sins be all forgiven;
Bless the friends I love so well;
Take us all at last to heaven,
Happy there with Thee to dwell.

44. LIFE'S BATTLE-FIELD.



1 Soldier on life's battle-field
Be thou valiant, bold, and strong ;
In the strife, with cheerful zeal,
Urge the Saviour's cause along.

Chorus.

Onward, onward, to glory !
Yield not to the wily foe ;
Vict'ry and heav'n are before thee,
Shout your triumphs as you go.

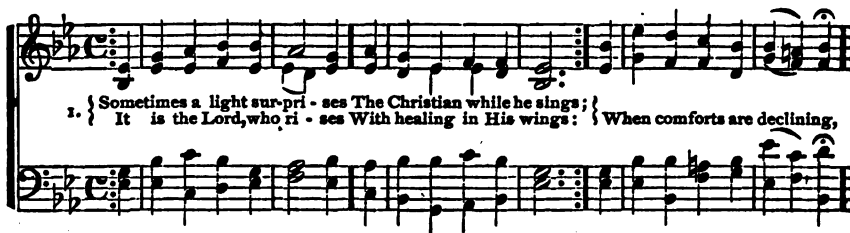
2 Jesus calls us to the field,
He will lead us evermore ;
'Neath his banner ne'er to yield,
Till the mighty conflict's o'er.

Chorus.

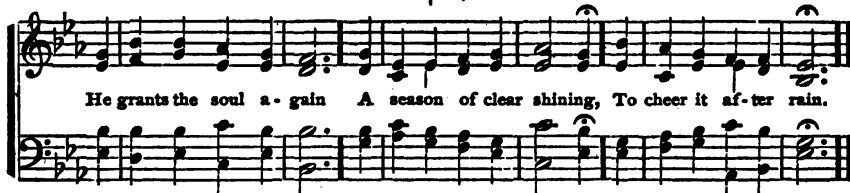
3 Then, in yonder world of light,
We will lay our armor down ;
And, 'mid throngs of angels bright,
Each receive a starry crown.

Chorus.

45. "SOMETIMES A LIGHT SURPRISES."



1. { Sometimes a light sur-pri - ses The Christian while he sings ; }
It is the Lord, who ri - ses With healing in His wings : { When comforts are declining,



He grants the soul a - gain A season of clear shining, To cheer it af - ter rain.

2 In holy contemplation
We sweetly then pursue
The theme of God's salvation
And find it ever new :
Set free from present sorrow,
We cheerfully can say,
Let the unknown to-morrow
Bring with it what it may.

3 It can bring with it nothing,
But He will bear us through.
Who gives the lilies clothing,
Will clothe His people too :

Beneath the spreading heavens,
No creature but is fed ;
And He who feeds the ravens
Will give His children bread.

4 Though vine nor fig-tree neither
Their wonted fruit shall bear ;
Though all the fields should wither,
Nor flocks nor herds be there ;
Yet God the same abiding,
His praise shall tune my voice ;
For, while in Him confiding,
I cannot but rejoice.

46. "GRACIOUS SAVIOUR, GENTLE SHEPHERD." 8, 7.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd,
 Little ones are dear to Thee;
 Gathered with Thine arms, and carried
 In Thy bosom may we be;
 Sweetly, fondly, safely tended,
 From all want and danger free.</p> <p>2 Cleanse our hearts from sinful folly
 In the stream Thy love supplied,
 Mingled stream of Blood and Water</p> | <p>Flowing from Thy wounded Side:
 And to heavenly pastures lead us
 Where Thine own still waters glide.</p> <p>3 Taught to lisp the holy praises
 Which on earth Thy children sing,
 Both with lips and hearts unfeigned
 May we our thank-offerings bring;
 Then with all the saints in glory
 Join to praise our Lord and King.</p> |
|--|--|

— < — > —
Hymn for Tune 48.

- | | |
|--|--|
| <p>1 Let our Choir new anthems raise;
 Wake the song of gladness;
 God Himself to joy and praise
 Turns the martyrs' sadness:
 Bright the day that won their crown,
 Opened heaven's bright portal,
 As they laid the mortal down
 To put on the immortal.</p> <p>2 Never flinched they from the flame,
 From the torture, never;
 Vain the foeman's sharpest aim,
 Satan's best endeavor:</p> | <p>For by faith they saw the land
 Decked in all its glory,
 Where triumphant now they stand
 With the victor's story.</p> <p>3 Up and follow, Christian men!
 Press through toil and sorrow;
 Spurn the night of fear, and then,
 O, the glorious morrow!
 Who will venture on the strife?
 Blest who first begin it;
 Who will grasp the Land of Life?
 Warriors, up and win it!</p> |
|--|--|

47. GILEAD.

L. M.



1 Zion, awake! thy strength renew,
Put on thy robes of beauteous hue;
Church of our God, arise and shine
Bright with the beams of truth divine.

2 Church of our God, arise and shine
Bright with the beams of truth divine;

Then shall thy radiance stream afar,
Wide as the heathen nations are.

3 Gentiles and kings thy light shall view;
All shall admire and love thee too,
Shall come like clouds across the sky,
Or doves that to their windows fly.

48. "LET OUR CHOIR."

7, 6. Trochaic.



49 THE DAY OF RESURRECTION.

7, 6. D.

1 The Day of Resurrection!
 Earth, tell it out abroad;
 The Passover of gladness,
 The Passover of GOD.
 From death to life eternal,
 From earth unto the sky,
 Our CHRIST hath brought us over,
 With hymns of victory.

2 Now let the heavens be joyful,
 And earth her song begin,
 The round world keep high triumph,
 And all that is therein:
 Let all things seen and unseen
 Their notes of gladness blend,
 For CHRIST the LORD is risen,
 Our Joy that hath no end.

Hymn for Tune 51.

1 Does the Gospel word proclaim
 Rest for those that weary be?
 Then, my soul, put in thy claim,
 Sure that promise speaks to thee.

2 Marks of grace I cannot show,
 All polluted is my best;
 But I weary am, I know,
 And the weary long for rest.

3 All my little strength is gone,
 Sink I must without supply;
 Sure upon the earth is none
 Can more weary be than I.

4 In the ark the weary dove
 Found a welcome resting-place;
 Open, Lord, and take me in,
 To rest in Christ th' Ark of grace.

50. WARSAW.

H. M.



1 Join all the glorious names
Of wisdom, love, and power,
That ever mortals knew,
That angels ever bore;
All are too mean to speak His worth—
Too mean to set my Saviour forth.

2 Great Prophet of my God,
My tongue would bless Thy name;
By Thee the joyful news
Of our salvation came:
The joyful news of sins forgiven,
Of hell subdued, and peace with heav'n.

3 Jesus, My great High Priest,
Offered His blood and died;
My guilty conscience seeks
No sacrifice beside.
His powerful blood did once atone,
And now it pleads before the throne.

4 My dear, almighty Lord,
My Conqueror and my King,
Thy sceptre and Thy sword,
Thy reigning grace I sing.
Thine is the power; behold, I sit
In willing bonds beneath Thy feet.

51. REST.

7.



52. I HEARD THE VOICE OF JESUS.

C. M. D.



1

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 Come unto Me and rest;
 Lay down, thou weary one, lay down
 Thy head upon My breast.
 I came to Jesus as I was,
 Weary and worn and sad,
 I found in Him a resting-place,
 And He has made me glad.

2

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 Behold I freely give
 The living water; thirsty one,
 Stoop down and drink, and live.
 I came to Jesus, and I drank
 Of that life-giving stream; [viv'd,
 My thirst was quench'd, my soul re-
 And now I live in Him.

3

I heard the voice of Jesus say,
 I am this dark world's Light;
 Look unto Me, thy morn shall rise,
 And all thy day be bright.
 I looked to Jesus, and I found
 In Him my Star, my Sun;
 And in that light of life I'll walk,
 Till pilgrim days are done.

53. "LEAD, KINDLY LIGHT."

P. M.

The musical score is written for piano and voice. It consists of four systems of music. Each system has a treble clef staff for the voice and a bass clef staff for the piano accompaniment. The key signature is three flats (B-flat, E-flat, A-flat) and the time signature is 3/2. The melody is simple and hymn-like, with the piano accompaniment providing harmonic support. The final system ends with the text 'A - men.' written below the staff.

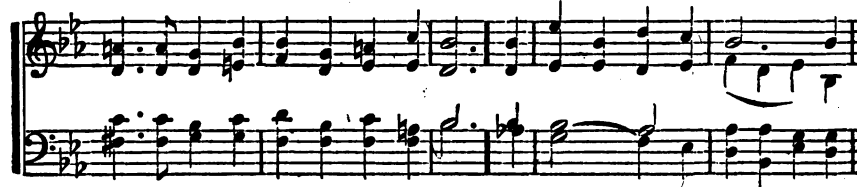
- 1 Lead, kindly Light, amid th'encircling gloom,
 Lead Thou me on;
The night is dark, and I am far from home,
 Lead Thou me on.
Keep Thou my feet; I do not ask to see
The distant scene; one step enough for me.
- 2 I was not ever thus, nor pray'd that Thou
 Shouldst lead me on;
I loved to choose and see my path; but now
 Lead Thou me on.
I loved the garish day; and, spite of fears,
Pride ruled my will; remember not past years.
- 3 So long Thy power has blest me, sure it still
 Will lead me on
O'er moor and fen, o'er crag and torrent, till
 The night is gone,
And with the morn those angel faces smile,
Which I have loved long since, and lost awhile.

54. "O PARADISE."

8, 6.



CHORUS. Where loy - al hearts and true, &c.



I
O Paradise, O Paradise,
Who doth not crave for rest?
Who would not seek the happy land,
Where they that loved are blest?

CHORUS.
Where loyal hearts and true
Stand ever in the light,
All rapture through and through,
In God's most holy sight.

2
O Paradise, O Paradise,
The world is growing old;
Who would not be at rest and free
Where love is never cold?

3
O Paradise, O Paradise,
'Tis weary waiting here;

I long to be where Jesus is,
To feel, to see Him near;

4
O Paradise, O Paradise,
I want to sin no more;
I want to be as pure on earth,
As on thy spotless shore;

5
O Paradise, O Paradise,
I greatly long to see
The special place my dearest Lord
Is destining for me;

6
O Paradise, O Paradise,
I feel 'twill not be long;
Patience! I almost think I hear
Faint fragments of thy song.

55. "ONWARD, CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS."

6, 5.

The musical score is written for a four-part choir (Soprano, Alto, Tenor, Bass) and piano accompaniment. It is in the key of D major (indicated by two sharps) and common time (C). The score consists of five systems of staves. The first system shows the vocal parts and piano accompaniment. The second system continues the vocal parts and piano accompaniment. The third system includes the word 'CHORUS.' written below the vocal staves. The fourth system includes the word 'A - men.' written below the piano staff. The score ends with a final chord in the piano accompaniment.

1 Onward Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the Cross of Jesus
 Going on before.
 Christ, the royal Master,
 Leads against the foe;
 Forward into battle,
 See, His banners go.

CHORUS.—Onward, Christian soldiers,
 Marching as to war,
 With the Cross of Jesus,
 Going on before.

2 Like a mighty army
 Moves the Church of God;
 Brothers, we are treading
 Where the saints have trod;
 We are not divided,
 All one body we,

One in hope and doctrine,
 One in charity.

3 Crowns and thrones may perish,
 Kingdoms rise and wane,
 But the Church of Jesus
 Constant will remain;
 Gates of hell can never
 'Gainst that Church prevail;
 We have Christ's own promise,
 And that cannot fail.

4 Onward, then, ye people,
 Join our happy throng,
 Blend with ours your voices
 In the triumph-song;
 Glory, laud, and honor,
 Unto Christ the King;
 This through countless ages
 Men and angels sing.

56. "SING, O EARTH."

8s 7s 7, 7,

The musical score is written for two voices (Soprano and Bass) and piano accompaniment. It consists of three systems of staves. The first system has a treble and bass staff for the voices and a grand staff (treble and bass) for the piano. The second system follows the same layout. The third system ends with a double bar line and the text 'A - men.' written above the piano staff.

- 1 Sing, O earth, for thy redemption!
 Lo, His race of sorrow run,
 Christ the Sanctuary enters,
 Priest and Victim both in one:
 There to make our peace with God,
 By the offering of His Blood!
- 2 Guilty for the guilty pleading,
 Legal priest, thy task is o'er!
 Goats and oxen, types and shadows,

- There is need of you no more!
 Not such feeble things as these
 Could the wrath of God appease!
- 3 Hail to Thee, High-priest Eternal;
 Priest without a spot of sin;
 Veiled of old in mystic figures;
 Holy, infinite, divine!
 Thou art He, Whose Blood alone
 Can for human guilt atone.

— ◆ —

Conclusion of Hymn 57.

- 2 The bands of the Alien flee away,
 When our chant goes up like thunder,
 And the van of the Lord in serried array
 Cleaves Satan's ranks asunder. —We march, &c.
- 3 Our sword is the Spirit of God on high,
 Our helmet is His salvation,
 Our banner the Cross of Calvary,
 Our watchword—The Incarnation. —We march, &c.
- 4 And the choir of angels with song awaits
 Our march to the Golden Sion;
 For our Captain has broken the brazen gates,
 And burst the bars of iron. —We march, &c.

57. MARCH TO VICTORY!

2d, 3d and 4th verses begin at the last note of the 3d brace.

1. We march, we march to vic - to - ry! With the cross of the Lord be -

fore us, With His loving Eye looking down from the sky, And His Holy Arm spread

o'er us, His Ho - ly Arm spread o'er us. o'er us. We

2nd Time. FINE. 1st Time. 2d, 3d 4th v. begin.

come in the might of the Lord of Light, In glad-some train to

meet Him; And we put to flight the ar - mies of night, That the

sons of the day may greet Him, the sons of the day may greet Him.

D.C.

58. "SINCE I'VE KNOWN A SAVIOUR'S NAME." P. M.



1 Since I've known a Saviour's name,
And sin's strong fetters broke,
Careful without care I am,
Nor feel my easy yoke:
Joyful now my faith to show,
I find His service my reward,
All the work I do below
Is light for such a Lord.

2 To the desert or the cell
Let others blindly fly,
In this evil world I dwell,
Nor fear its enmity;

Here I find a house of prayer,
To which I inwardly retire;
Walking unconcerned in care,
And unconsumed in fire.

3 O that all the world might know
Of living, Lord, to Thee,
Find their heaven begun below,
And here Thy goodness see;
Walk in all the works prepared
By Thee to exercise their grace,
Till they gain their full reward,
And see Thee face to face!

59. HURSELY.

L. M.



1 Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear,
It is not night if Thou be near;
O may no earth-born cloud arise
To hide Thee from Thy seryants' eyes.

2 When the soft dews of kindly sleep,
My weary eyelids gently steep,
Be my last thought how sweet to rest
Forever on my Saviour's breast.

3 Abide with me from morn till eve,
For without Thee I cannot live;
Abide with me when night is nigh,
For without Thee I dare not die.

4 If some poor wand'ring child of Thine
Have spurn'd to-day the voice divine,
Now, Lord, the gracious work begin;
Let him no more lie down in sin.

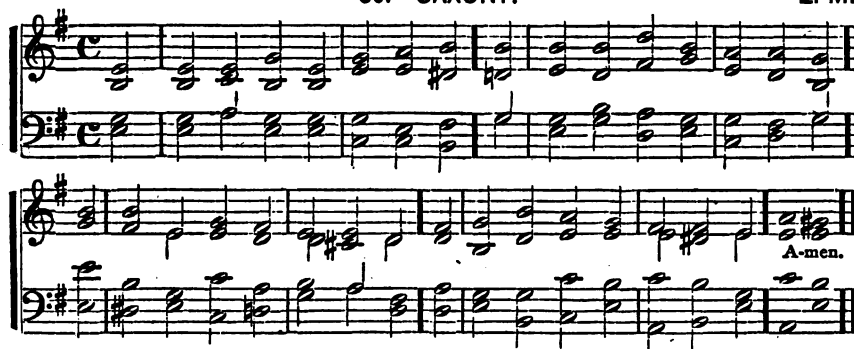
5 Watch by the sick; enrich the poor
With blessings from Thy boundless
store;

Be every mourner's sleep to-night,
Like infant slumbers, pure and light.

6 Come near and bless us when we wake,
Ere through the world our way we take,
Till in the ocean of Thy love
We lose ourselves in heaven above.

60. SAXONY.

L. M.



1 O Thou that hear'st when sinners cry,
Tho' all my crimes before Thee lie,
Behold them not with angry look,
But blot their memory from Thy book.

2 I cannot live without Thy light,
Cast out and banish'd from Thy sight:

Thy holy joys, my God, restore,
And guard me that I fall no more.

3 A broken heart, my God, my King,
Is all the sacrifice I bring;
The God of grace will ne'er despise
A broken heart for sacrifice.

61. "SINNERS TURN!"

7.

1 Sinners, turn; why will ye die?
 God, your Maker, asks you why;
 God, Who did your being give,
 Made you with Himself to live:
 He the fatal cause demands,
 Asks the work of His own hands:
 Why, ye thankless creatures, why
 Will ye cross His love, and die?

2 What could your Redeemer do
 More than He hath done for you?
 Could He more than shed His blood
 To procure your peace with God?
 Now, e'en now your Saviour stands,
 All day long He spreads His hands,
 Crying, "Come to Me;" O why,
 Why will ye resolve to die?

62. HADDAM.

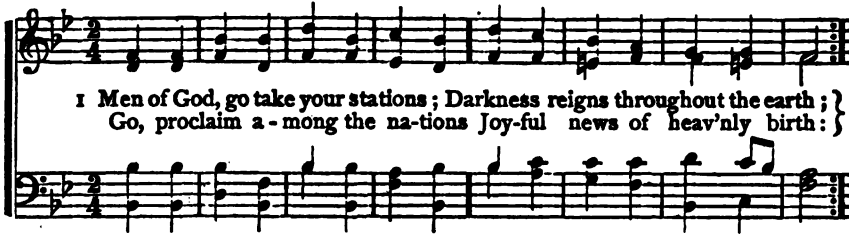
H. M.

1. The Lord Jehovah reigns, His throne is built on high; The garments he assumes Are light and majesty:

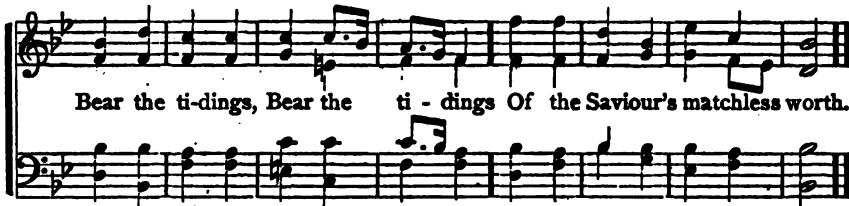
His glo - ries shine With beams so bright, No mor - tal eye Can bear the sight.

63. SUFFOLK.

8, 7, 4.



1 Men of God, go take your stations ; Darkness reigns throughout the earth ;
Go, proclaim a - mong the na - tions Joy - ful news of heav'nly birth : }



Bear the ti - dings, Bear the ti - dings Of the Saviour's matchless worth.

2 Of His gospel not ashamed,
As the power of God to save,
Go where Christ was never named,
Publish freedom to the slave—
||: Blessed freedom !:|
Freedom Zion's children have.

3 When exposed to fearful dangers,
Jesus will His own defend ;
Borne afar 'mid foes and strangers,
Jesus will appear your Friend ;
||: And His presence:|
Shall be with you to the end.

Sing these Hymns to Haddam, on opposite page.

64.

1 Ye tribes of Adam, join
With heaven, and earth, and seas,
And offer notes divine
To your Creator's praise.
Ye holy throng | In worlds of light,
Of angels bright, | Begin the song.
2 The shining worlds above
In glorious order stand,
Or in swift courses move,
By His supreme command:
He spake the word, | From nothing came,
And all their frame | To praise the Lord.
3 He moved their mighty wheels
In unknown ages past,
And each His word fulfils,
While time and nature last:
In different ways | His wond'rous name,
His works pro - | And speak His praise.
claim

65.

1 The promises I sing,
Which sovereign love hath spoke ;
Nor will the eternal King
His words of grace revoke ;
They stand secure | Not Zion's hill
And steadfast still ; | Abides so sure.
2 The mountains melt away,
When once the Judge appears,
And sun and moon decay,
That measure mortal years :
But still the same, | The promise shines
In radiant lines, | Thro' all the flame.
3 Their harmony shall sound
Through mine attentive ears,
When thunders cleave the ground,
And dissipate the spheres :
Midst all the shock | I stand serene,
Of that dread scene | Thy word my rock.

66. GERMANY.

L. M.

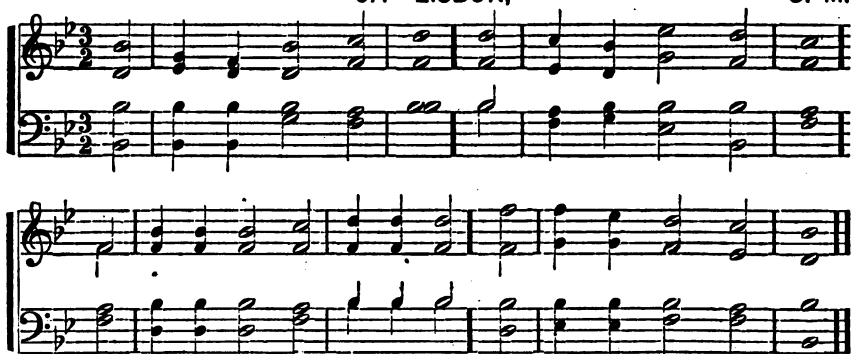


- 1 How sweet the hour of closing day,
When all is peaceful and serene,
And when the sun, with cloudless ray,
Sheds mellow lustre o'er the scene !
- 2 Such is the Christian's parting hour;
So peacefully he sinks to rest;
When faith, endued from heav'n with
pow'r,
Sustains and cheers his languid
breast.

- 3 Mark but that radiance of his eye,
That smile upon his wasted cheek;
They tell us of his glory nigh,
In language that no tongue can
speak.
- 4 Who would not wish to die like those
Whom God's own Spirit deigns to
bless?
To sink into that soft repose,
Then wake to perfect happiness ?

67. LISBON,

S. M.

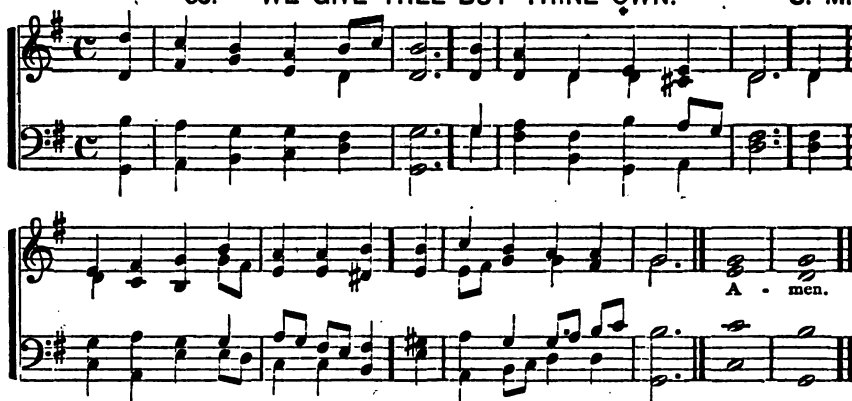


- 1 Welcome, sweet day of rest,
That saw the Lord arise;
Welcome to this reviving breast,
And these rejoicing eyes.
- 2 The King himself comes near,
And feasts His saints to-day;
*Here we may sit, and see Him here,
And love, and praise, and pray.*

- 3 One day in such a place,
Where Thou, my God, art seen,
Is sweeter than ten thousand days
Of pleasurable sin.
- 4 My willing soul would stay
In such a frame as this,
And sit and sing herself away
To everlasting bliss.

68. "WE GIVE THEE BUT THINE OWN."

S. M.



1
We give Thee but Thine own,
Whate'er the gift may be:
For all we have is Thine alone,
A trust, O Lord, from Thee.

2
Oh! hearts are bruised and dead,
And homes are bare and cold, [bled,
And lambs, for whom the Shepherd
Are straying from the fold.

3
To comfort and to bless,
To find a balm for woe,
To tend the lone and fatherless
Is angels' work below.

4
And we believe Thy word,
Though dim our faith may be;
Whate'er for Thine we do, O Lord,
We do it unto Thee.

69.

1
Ye servants of the Lord,
Each in his office wait,
Observant of His heavenly word,
And watchful at His gate.

2
Watch! 'tis your Lord's command,
And while we speak, He's near;
Mark the first signal of His hand,
And ready all appear.

3
O happy servant he,
In such a posture found!
He shall his Lord with rapture see,
And be with honor crowned.

4
The banquet Christ shall spread
With His own royal hand,
And raise that faithful servant's head
Amid the angelic band.

70,

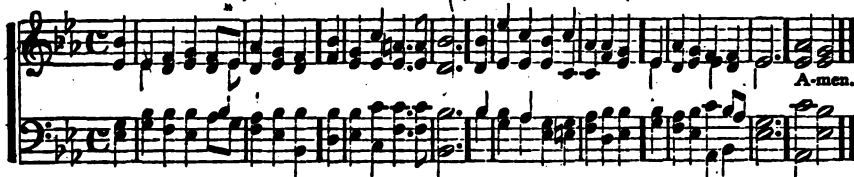
1
Happy the man, who knows
His Master to obey;
Whose life of care and labor flows,
Where God points out the way.

2
He riseth to his task,
Soon as the word is given;
Nor waits, nor doth a question ask,
When orders come from heaven.

3
Nothing he calls his own;
Nothing he hath to say;
His feet are shod for God alone,
And God alone obey.

4
Give us, O God, this mind,
Which waits for Thy command,
And doth its highest pleasure find
In Thy great work to stand.

71. "WHEN, WOUNDED SORE, THE STRICKEN SOUL." C. M.



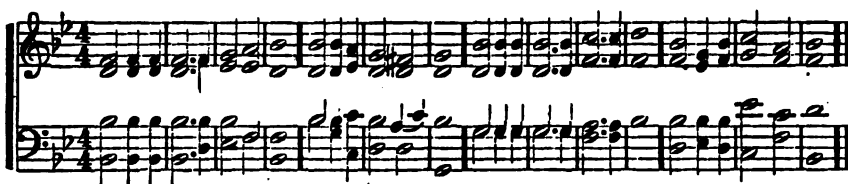
- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 When, wounded sore, the stricken soul
Lies bleeding and unbound,
One only hand, a pierced hand,
Can heal the sinner's wound.</p> <p>2 When sorrows swell the laden heart,
And tears of anguish flow,
One only heart, a broken heart,
Can feel the sinner's woe.</p> | <p>3 'Tis Jesus' blood that washes white,
His hand that brings relief, [joys,
His heart that's touched with all our
And feeleth for our grief.</p> <p>4 Lift up Thy bleeding hand, O Lord!
Unseal that cleansing tide:
We have no shelter from our sin
But in Thy wounded side.</p> |
|--|---|

72. "SAVIOUR, LIKE A SHEPHERD LEAD US." 8, 7, 4.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Saviour, like a shepherd lead us,
Much we need Thy tender care;
In Thy pleasant pastures feed us;
For our use Thy folds prepare:
 : Blessed Jesus! :
Thou hast bought us, Thine we are.</p> <p>2 Thou hast promised to receive us,
Poor and sinful though we be;
<i>Thou hast mercy to relieve us;</i></p> | <p>Grace to cleanse, and power to free:
 : Blessed Jesus! :
Let us early turn to Thee.</p> <p>3 Early let us seek Thy favor,
Early let us learn Thy will;
Do Thou, Lord, our only Saviour,
With Thy love our bosoms fill:
 : Blessed Jesus! :
Thou hast loved us,—love us <u>still</u>.</p> |
|--|---|

73. "MY GOD, HOW WONDERFUL THOU ART." C. M.



- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 My God, how wonderful Thou art,
Thy Majesty how bright,
How beautiful Thy mercy-seat
In depths of burning light.</p> <p>2 How beautiful, how beautiful,
The sight of Thee must be,
Thine endless wisdom, boundless pow'r,
And awful purity.</p> | <p>3 O how I fear Thee, Living God,
With deepest, tenderest fears,
And worship Thee with trembling hope,
And penitential tears.</p> <p>4 Yet I may love Thee too, O Lord,
Almighty as Thou art;
For Thou hast stooped to ask of me
The love of my poor heart.</p> |
|--|---|



74. ROWSON. S. M.



- | | |
|---|---|
| <p>1
My spirit on Thy care,
Blest Saviour, I recline;
Thou wilt not leave me to despair,
For Thou art Love divine.</p> <p>2
In Thee I place my trust,
On Thee I calmly rest;
I know Thee good, I know Thee just,
And count Thy choice the best.</p> | <p>3
Whate'er events betide,
Thy will they all perform;
Safe in Thy breast my head I hide,
Nor fear the coming storm.</p> <p>4
Let good or ill befall,
It must be good for me;
Secure of having Thee in all,
Of having all in Thee.</p> |
|---|---|

75. JORDAN.

C. M. D.

1st time.

1. { There is a land of pure de - light, Where saints im - mor - tal reign ;
In - fi - nite day ex - cludes the night, (*Omit.*).....

2d time.

And pleasures banish pain. 2. There ev - er - last - ing Spring a - bides, And nev - er -

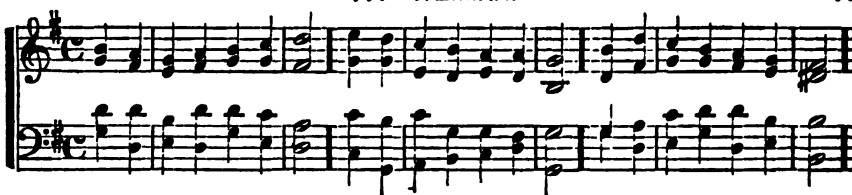
with ring flow'rs ; Death, like a nar - row sea, divides This heav'nly land from ours.

3 Could we but climb where Moses stood,
And view the landscape o'er, [flood,
Not Jordan's stream, nor death's cold
Should fright us from the shore.

4 Sweet fields, beyond the swelling flood,
Stand dressed in living green ;
So to the Jews old Canaan stood,
While Jordan rolled between.

76. NEPONSET.

Words on opposite page.



1 Little travellers Zionward,
Each one entering into rest,
In the kingdom of your Lord,
In the mansions of the blest:
There, to welcome, Jesus waits,
Gives the crowns, His followers win:
Lift your heads, ye golden gates
Let the little travellers in.

2 Who are they whose little feet,
Pacing life's dark journey through,
Now have reached that heavenly seat
They had ever kept in view?

"I from Greenland's frozen land;"
"I from India's sultry plain;"
"I from Afric's barren sand,"
"I from islands of the main."

3 All our earthly journey past,
Every tear and pain gone by,
Here together met at last,
At the portal of the sky;
Each the welcome "come" awaits,
Conquerors over death and sin:
Lift your heads, ye golden gates,
Let the little travellers in.

— ◆ —

Hymn to Neponset, on opposite page.

1 Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah,
Pilgrim thro' this barren land;
I am weak, but Thou art mighty,
Hold me with Thy powerful hand.

2 Open now the crystal fountain, [flow;
Whence the healing stream doth

Let the fire and cloudy pillar
Lead me all my journey through.

3 When I tread the verge of Jordan,
Bid my anxious fears subside;
Death of deaths, and hell's destruction,
Land me safe on Canaan's side.

78. CORRELLI.

S. M.



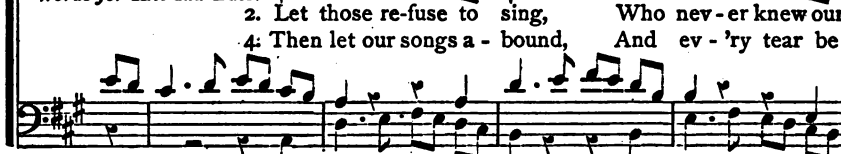
1. Come, we who love the Lord, And let our joys be known;
3. The hill of Zi - on yields A thousand sa - cred sweets,



Join in a song with sweet ac - cord, And thus sur - round the throne.
Be - fore we reach the heavenly fields, Or walk the golden streets.

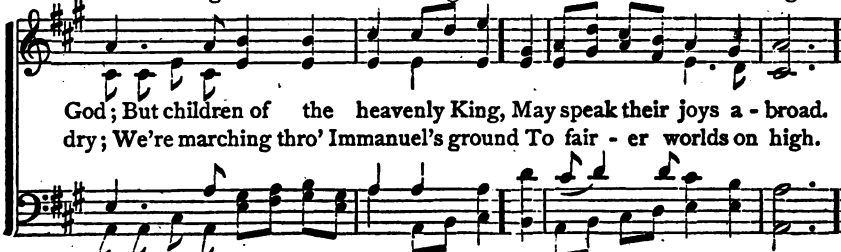
Words for Treble and Tenor.

2. Let those re - fuse to sing, Who nev - er knew our God; But
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And every tear be dry; We're

Words for Alto and Bass.


2. Let those re - fuse to sing, Who nev - er knew our
4. Then let our songs a - bound, And ev - 'ry tear be

chil - dren of the heavenly King May speak their joys a - broad.
march - ing thro' Im - manuel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.



God; But children of the heavenly King, May speak their joys a - broad.
dry; We're marching thro' Immanuel's ground To fair - er worlds on high.

79. "COME AWAY TO THE SKIES."

6, 9



1

Come away to the skies,—
My beloved, arise,
And rejoice in the day thou wert born ;
On this festival day,
Come exulting away,
[: And with singing to Zion return. :]

2

We have laid up our love,
With our treasure, above,
Though our bodies continue below ;
The redeemed of the Lord—
We remember His word,
[: And with singing, to paradise go. :]

3

For Thy glory we were
First created, to share
Both Thy nature and kingdom divine ;
Now created again,
That our souls may remain,
[: Both in time and eternity, Thine. :]

4

With thanks we approve
The design of Thy love,
Which hath joined us in Christ's precious
So united in heart [name ;
That we never can part—
[: We shall meet at the feast of the Lamb. :]

5

There, oh ! there, at His feet,
We shall joyfully meet,
And be parted in body no more ;
We shall sing to our lyres,
With the heavenly choirs,
[: And our Saviour, in glory adore. :]

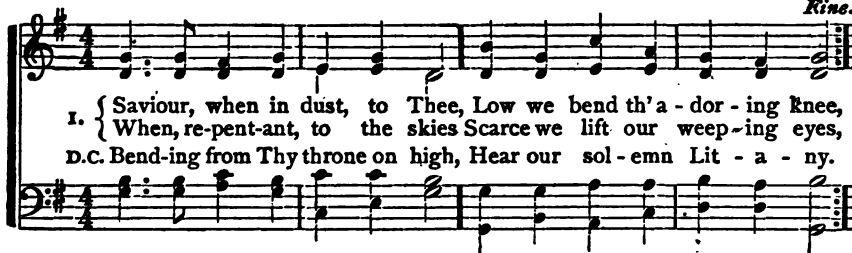
6

"Hallelujah"—we sing,
To our Father and King :
And His rapturous praises repeat ;
To the Lamb that was slain,
"Hallelujah !"—again—
[: Sing all heaven, and fall at His feet. :]

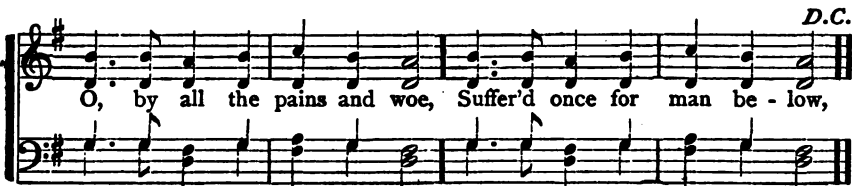
80. SPANISH HYMN.

7.

Rine.



1. { Saviour, when in dust, to Thee, Low we bend th'a - dor - ing knee,
When, re-pent-ant, to the skies Scarce we lift our weep-ing eyes,
D.C. Bend-ing from Thy throne on high, Hear our sol - emn Lit - a - ny.



O, by all the pains and woe, Suffer'd once for man be - low,

2 By Thine hour of dire despair;
By Thine agony of prayer,
By the cross, the nail, the thorn,
Piercing spear, and robe of scorn;
By the gloom that veiled the skies
O'er the dreadful sacrifice;
Listen to our humble cry,
Hear our solemn Litany.

3 By Thy deep expiring groan,
By the sad sepulchral stone;
By the vault, whose dark abode
Held in vain the rising God;
O, from earth to heaven restored,
Mighty reascended Lord,
Listen, listen to the cry
Of our solemn Litany.

81.

1 Chosen not for good in me,
Wakened up from wrath to flee,
Hidden in the Saviour's side,
By the Spirit sanctified,
Teach me, Lord, on earth to show,
By my love, how much I owe.

2 When in flowery paths I tread,
Oft by sin I'm captive led;
Oft I fall, but still arise,
Jesus comes, the tempter flies;
Blessed Saviour, bid me show
Weary sinners all I owe.

82.

1 When this passing world is done,
When has sunk yon glaring sun,

When we stand with Christ in glory,
Looking o'er life's finished story;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

2 When I stand before the throne,
Dressed in beauty not my own,
When I see Thee as Thou art,
Love Thee with unsinching heart;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know,
Not till then, how much I owe.

3 When the praise of heaven I hear,
Loud as thunders to the ear,
Loud as many waters' noise,
Sweet as harp's melodious voice;
Then, Lord, shall I fully know
Not till then, how much I owe.



1 Depth of mercy, can there be
 Mercy still reserved for me?
 Can my God His wrath forbear?
 Me, the chief of sinners, spare?
 I have long withstood His grace,
 Long provoked Him to His face,
 Would not hearken to His calls,
 Grieved Him by a thousand falls.

2 Kindled His relents are ;
 Me, He now delights to spare ;
 Cries, "how shall I give thee up?"
 Lets the lifted thunder drop.
 There for me the Saviour stands ;
 Shows His wounds, and spreads His
 God is love! I know, I feel; [hands;
 Jesus weeps and loves me still.

84.

1 Earth has nothing sweet or fair,
 Lovely forms or beauties rare,
 But before my eyes they bring
 Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.
 When the morning paints the skies,
 When the golden sunbeams rise,
 Then my Saviour's form I find
 Brightly imaged on my mind.
 2 When, as moonlight softly steals,
 Heaven its thousand eyes reveals,
 Then I think; who made their light
 Is a thousand times more bright.

When I see in spring-tide gay,
 Fields their varied tints display,
 Wakes the awful thoughts in me
 What must their Creator be!

3 Lord of all that's fair to see,
 Come, reveal Thyself to me;
 Let me, 'mid Thy radiant light,
 See Thine unveiled glories bright.
 Earth has nothing sweet or fair,
 Lovely forms or beauties rare,
 But before mine eyes they bring
 Christ, of beauty Source and Spring.

85. STOW.

H. M.



1 Yes, the Redeemer rose;
The Saviour left the dead;
And o'er our hellish foes,
High raised His conquering head!
In wild dismay, the guards around
Fall to the ground and sink away.

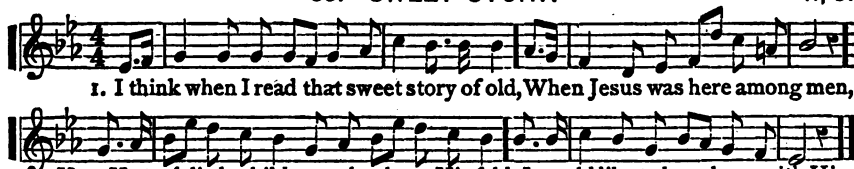
2 Lo, the angelic bands
In full assembly meet,
To wait His high commands,
And worship at His feet;
Joyful they come, and wing their way
From realms of day, to Jesus' tomb.

3 Then back to heaven they fly,
The joyful news to bear:
Hark! as they soar on high,
What music fills the air!
Their anthems say,—“Jesus, who bled,
Hath left the dead;—He rose to-day.”

4 All hail! triumphant Lord!
Who sav'st us with Thy blood:
Wide be Thy name adored,
Thou rising, reigning God!
With Thee we rise, with Thee we reign,
And empires gain, beyond the skies.

86. SWEET STORY.

H, 9.



1. I think when I read that sweet story of old, When Jesus was here among men,

How He took little children as lambs to His fold, I would like to have been with Him [then.

2
I wish that His hands had been placed
on my head,
That His arm had been thrown
around me,
And that I might have seen His kind
look, as He said
“Let the little ones come unto me.”

3
Yet still to His footstool in prayer I
may go,

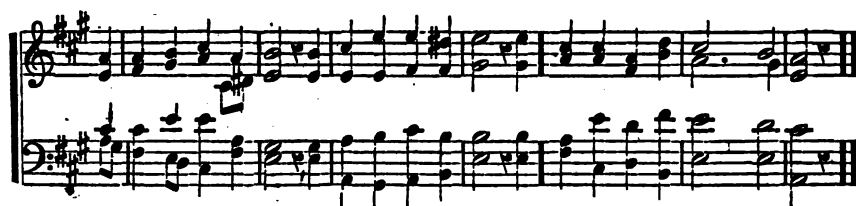
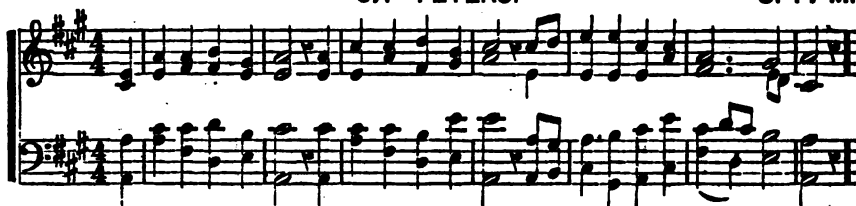
And ask for a share in His love;
And if I thus earnestly seek Him below,
I shall see Him and hear Him above:

4
In that beautiful place He is gone to
prepare
For all who are wash'd and forgiv'n:
And many dear children are gathering
there,

“For of such is the kingdom of
heaven.”

87. PETERS.

S. P. M.



1 How pleased and blessed was I,
To hear the people cry,
"Come let us seek our God to-day."
Yes, with a cheerful zeal,
We haste to Zion's hill,
And there our vows and honors pay.
2 Zion, thrice happy place!
Adorned with wondrous grace,
And walls of strength embrace thee round;

In thee our tribes appear,
To pray, and praise, and hear
The sacred gospel's joyful sound.
3 May peace attend thy gate,
And joy within thee wait,
To bless the soul of every guest;
The man who seeks thy peace,
And wishes thine increase,
A thousand blessings on him rest.

88. BEAUTIFUL RIVER.



1 Shall we gather at the river,
Where bright angel feet have trod;
With its crystal tide forever
Flowing by the throne of God?
CHO: Yes, we'll gather at the river,
The beautiful, the beautiful river;
Gather with the saints at the river
That flows by the throne of God.
2 On the margin of the river,
Washing up its silver spray,
We will walk and worship ever,
All the happy golden day.—CHO:

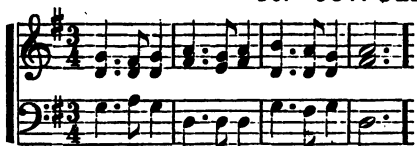
3 On the bosom of the river,
Where the Saviour-King we own,
We shall meet, and sorrow never
'Neath the glory of the throne.
4 Ere we reach the shining river,
Lay we every burden down;
Grace our spirits will deliver,
And provide a robe and crown.
5 At the smiling of the river,
Mirror of the Saviour's face,
Saints whom death will never sever,
Lift their songs of saving grace.
6 Soon we'll reach the silver river,
Soon our pilgrimage will cease;
Soon our happy hearts will quiver
With the melody of peace.

89. "BEHOLD! THE BRIDEGROOM COMETH."



- 1 Behold, the Bridegroom cometh in the middle of the night,
And blest is he whose loins are girt, whose lamp is burning bright;
But woe to that dull servant, whom the Master shall surprise
With lamp untrimmed, unburning, and with slumber in his eyes.
- 2 That day, the day of fear, shall come; my soul slack not thy toil,
But light thy lamp, and feed it well, and make it bright with oil;
Who knowest not how soon may sound the cry at eventide,
"Behold the Bridegroom comes. Arise! Go forth to meet the Bride."

90. JOYFULLY! JOYFULLY!



- 1 Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move,
Bound to the land of bright spirits above;
Angelic choristers, sing as I come—
Joyfully, joyfully haste to thy home!
Soon, with my pilgrimage ended below,
Home to the land of bright spirits I go;
Pilgrim and stranger no more shall I roam
Joyfully, joyfully resting at home!
- 2 Friends fondly cherish'd have passed
on before, [shore];
Waiting, they watch me approaching the

Singing, to cheer me thro' death's chilling
gloom;
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.
Sounds of sweet melody fall on my ear;
Harps of the blessed, your voices I hear!
Rings with the harmony heaven's high
dome,—
Joyfully, joyfully, haste to thy home.

3 Death, with thy weapons of war lay me
low;
Strike, king of terrors! I fear not the blow;
Jesus hath broken the bars of the tomb!
Joyfully, joyfully will I go home.
Bright will the morn of eternity dawn,
Death shall be banished, his sceptre be
gone;
Joyfully, then, shall I witness his doom,
Joyfully, joyfully, safely at home.

91. "THE SON OF GOD GOES FORTH TO WAR." C. M. D.

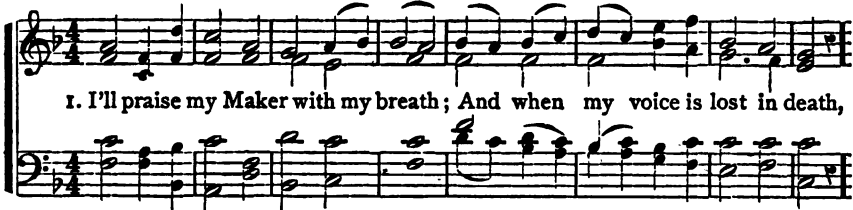


- 1 The son of God goes forth to war,
A kingly crown to gain;
His blood-red banner streams afar,
Who follows in His train!
Who best can drink his cup of woe,
Triumphant over pain;
Who patient bears his cross below,
He follows in His train.
- 2 The martyr first, whose eagle eye
Could pierce beyond the grave,
Who saw his Master in the sky,
And call'd on Him to save;
Like Him, with pardon on his tongue,
In midst of mortal pain,
He pray'd for them that did the wrong:
Who follows in His train?

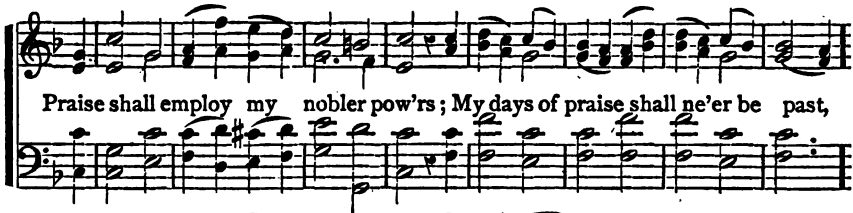
- 3 A glorious band, the chosen few,
On whom the Spirit came: [knew,
Twelve valiant saints, their hope they
And mock'd the cross and flame:
They met the tyrant's brandish'd steel
The lion's gory mane; [feel;
They bow'd their necks the death to
Who follows in their train?
- 4 A noble army, men and boys,
The matron and the maid,
Around the Saviour's throne rejoice,
In robes of light array'd.
They climb'd the dizzy steep of heaven
Through peril, toil, and pain;
O God! to us may grace be given
To follow in their train!

92. "I'LL PRAISE MY MAKER."

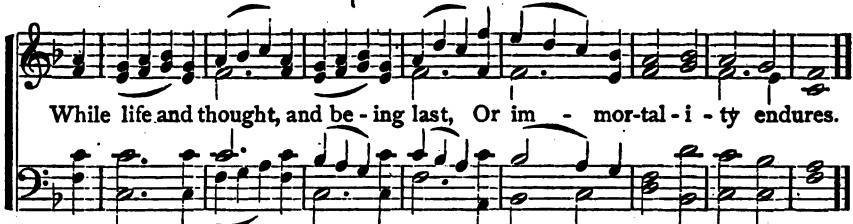
L. M.



1. I'll praise my Maker with my breath; And when my voice is lost in death,



Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs; My days of praise shall ne'er be past,



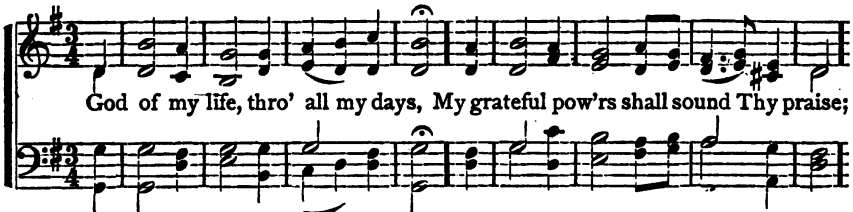
While life and thought, and be - ing last, Or im - mor - tal - i - ty endures.

2 Happy the man whose hopes rely
On Israel's God: He made the sky,
And earth, and seas, with all their train;
His truth forever stands secure:
He saves the opprest, He feeds the poor,
And none shall find His promise vain.

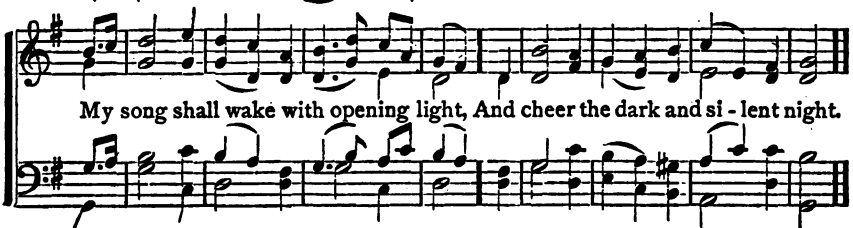
3 I'll praise Him while He lends me breath;
And when my voice is lost in death,
Praise shall employ my nobler pow'rs:
My days of praise shall ne'er be past,
While life and thought and being last,
Or immortality endures.

93. SEASONS.

L. M.



God of my life, thro' all my days, My grateful pow'rs shall sound Thy praise;



My song shall wake with opening light, And cheer the dark and si - lent night.

94. CHRISTIAN CHILDREN.

8. 7.



1. We are lit-tle Christian children; Christ, the Son of God Most High,



With His precious blood redeem'd us, Dy-ing that we might not die.

2 We are little Christian children;
God the Holy Ghost is here,
Dwelling in our hearts, to make us
Kind and holy, good and dear.

3 We are little Christian children,
Saved by Him who loved us most;
We believe in God Almighty
Father, Son and Holy Ghost.

95. AROUND THE THRONE.



1 Around the throne of God in heaven,
Thousands of children stand;
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band, [high.

Singing, Glory, Glory, Glory be to God on

2 What brought them to that world above?

That heaven so bright and fair,

Where all is peace, and joy, and love,

How came those children there,

Singing, Glory, Glory, &c.

3 Because the Saviour shed His blood

To wash away their sin;

Bathed in that pure and precious flood,

Behold them white and clean,

Singing, Glory, Glory, &c.

4 On earth they sought the Saviour's

On earth they lov'd His name; [grace,

So now they see His blessed face,

And stand before the Lamb,

Singing, Glory, Glory, &c.

96. Sing to Tune 94, above.

1 In the vineyard of our Father
Daily work we find to do:
Scattered gleanings we may gather,
Though we are but young and few;
Little clusters
Help to fill the garner too.

2 Toiling early in the morning,
Catching moments through the day,
Nothing small or lowly scorning
While we work, and watch, and pray;
Gathering gladly
Free-will offerings by the way.

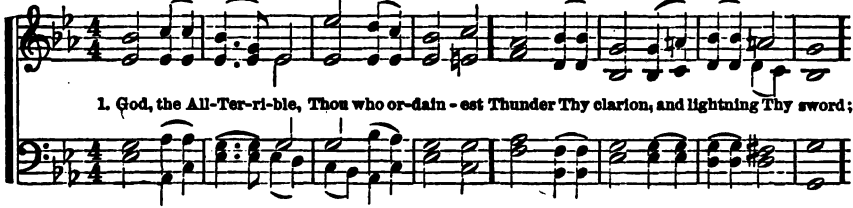
3 Not for selfish praise or glory,
Not for objects nothing worth,
But to send the blessed story
Of the Gospel o'er the earth,
Telling mortals
Of our Lord and Saviour's birth.

4 Up and ever at our calling,
Till in death our lips are dumb,
Or till—sin's dominion falling—
Christ shall in His kingdom come,
And His children
Reach their everlasting home.

5 Steadfast, then, in our endeavor,
Heavenly Father, may we be;
And forever, and forever,
We will give the praise to Thee;
Hallelujah
Singing, all eternity. Amen.

97. RUSSIAN HYMN.

Omit the ties above the staff in singing this Hymn. Use them in singing No. 99.



1. God, the All-Ter-ri-ble, Thou who or-dain - est Thunder Thy elarion, and lightning Thy sword;

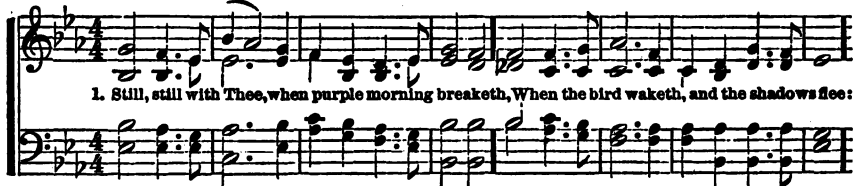


Show forth Thy pi - ty on high where Thou reignest: Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.

- 2 God the Omnipotent, Mighty Avenger,
Watching invisible, judging unheard;
Save us in mercy, O save us from danger;
Give to us peace in our time, O Lord.
- 3 God, the All-Merciful, earth hath for-
saken
Thy ways all holy, and slighted Thy
word;

- Let not Thy wrath in its terror awaken;
Give to us pardon and peace, O Lord.
- 4 So will Thy people, with thankful
devotion [and sword,
Praise Him who saved them from peril
Shouting in chorus, from ocean to
ocean, [Lord.
Peace to the nations, and praise to the

98. "STILL, STILL WITH THEE."



1. Still, still with Thee, when purple morning breaketh, When the bird waketh, and the shadows flee:



Fairer than morning, lovelier than the daylight, Dawns the sweet consciousness, I am with Thee! Amen.

- 2 When sinks the soul, subdued by toil, to slumber,
Its closing eye looks up to Thee in prayer;
Sweet the repose beneath Thy wings o'ershading,
But sweeter still, To wake and find Thee there.
- 3 So shall it be at last, in that bright morning,
When the soul waketh, and life's shadow's flee;
O in that hour, fairer than daylight dawning,
Shall rise the glorious thought—I am with Thee.

99. Sing to "Russian Hymn," on opposite page.

1 Christ above all glory seated!
King eternal, strong to save!
To Thee Death, by death defeated,
Triumph high and glory gave.

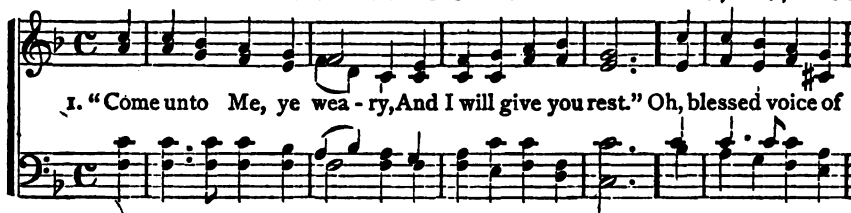
2 Thou art gone where now is given,
What no mortal might could gain;
On th' eternal throne of heaven,
In Thy Father's power to reign.

3 We, O Lord, with hearts adoring,
Follow Thee above the sky;
Hear our prayers Thy grace imploring,
Lift our souls to Thee on high.

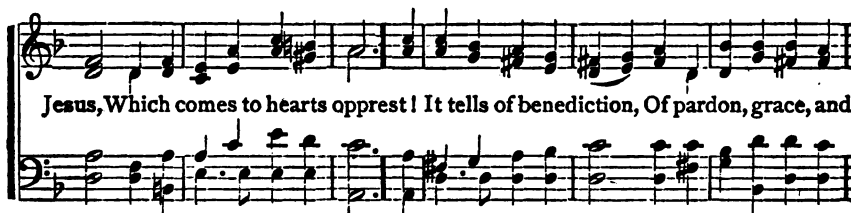
4 So when Thou again in glory,
On the clouds of heaven shalt shine,
We Thy flock shall stand before Thee
Owned forevermore as Thine.

100. "COME UNTO ME."

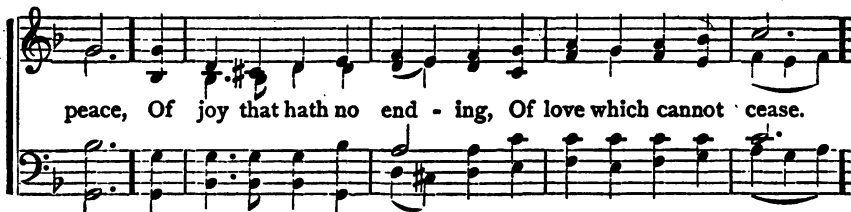
7, 6. 7, 6. D.



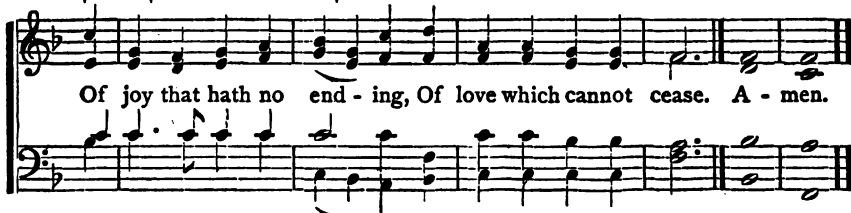
1. "Come unto Me, ye wea - ry, And I will give you rest." Oh, blessed voice of



Jesus, Which comes to hearts oppress! It tells of benediction, Of pardon, grace, and



peace, Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which cannot cease.



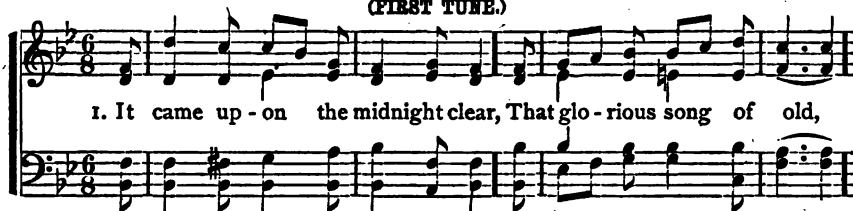
Of joy that hath no end - ing, Of love which cannot cease. A - men.

2. "And whosoever cometh,
I will not cast him out."
Oh, welcome voice of Jesus,
Which drives away our doubt!


Which calls us very sinners,
Unworthy though we be
Of love so free and boundless,
To come, dear Lord to Thee!

101. "IT CAME UPON THE MIDNIGHT CLEAR." C. M. D.

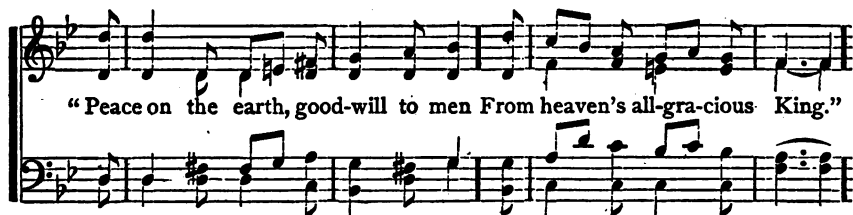
(FIRST TUNE.)



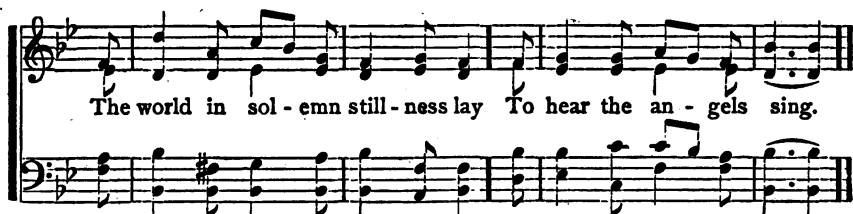
1. It came up - on the midnight clear, That glo - rious song of old,



From an - gels bend - ing near the earth, To touch their harps of gold:



"Peace on the earth, good-will to men From heaven's all-gra-cious King."



The world in sol - emn still - ness lay To hear the an - gels sing.

2 Still through the cloven skies they come,
With peaceful wings unfurled;
And still their heavenly music floats
O'er all the weary world:
Above its sad and lowly plains
They bend on hovering wing,
And ever o'er its Babel sounds
The blessed angels sing.

3 But with the woes of sin and strife
The world has suffered long;
Beneath the angel-strain have rolled
Two thousand years of wrong;
And man, at war with man, hears not
The love-song which they bring:
*O hush the noise, ye men of strife,
And hear the angels sing.*

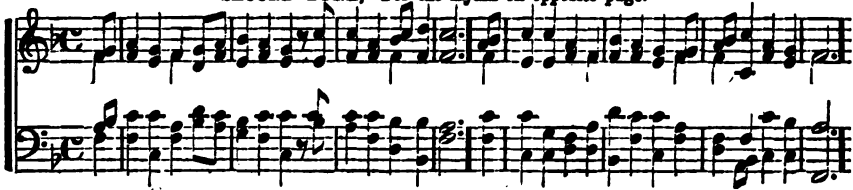
4 And ye, beneath life's crushing load,
Whose forms are bending low,
Who toil along the climbing way,
With painful steps and slow—
Look now; for glad and golden hours
Come swiftly on the wing:
O rest beside the weary road,
And hear the angels sing.

5 For lo, the days are hastening on
By prophet bards foretold,
When with the ever circling years
Comes round the age of gold:
When Peace shall over all the earth
Its ancient splendors fling,
And the whole world give back the song
Which now the angels sing.

102. NOEL.

C. M. D.

SECOND TUNE.—For the Hymn on opposite page.

*A little slower.*

A-men.

103. "THE CHARIOT."

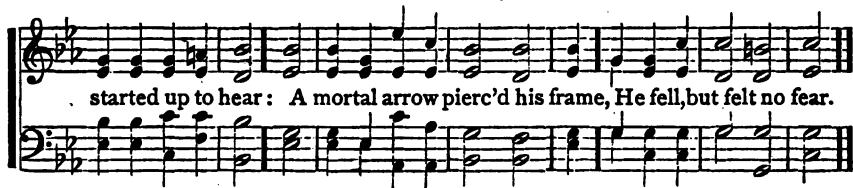
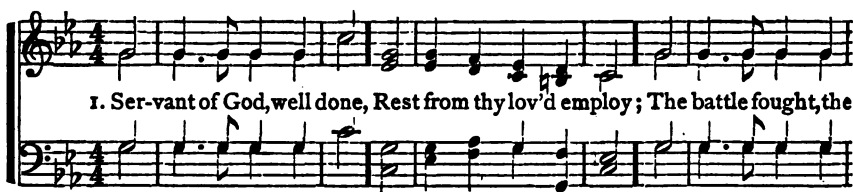
12.



- 1 The chariot! the chariot! its wheels roll in fire,
As the Lord cometh down in the pomp of His ire,
Lo, self-moving, it drives on its pathway of cloud,
And the heav'ns with the burden of God-head are bow'd.
- 2 The glory! the glory! around Him are poured
Mighty hosts of the angels that wait on the Lord;
And the glorified saints, and the martyrs are there,
And there all who the palm-wreaths of victory wear.
- 3 The trumpet! the trumpet! the dead have all heard;
Lo, the depths of the stone-covered charnel are stirred!
From sea, from the earth, from the south, from the north,
All the vast generations of man are come forth.
- 4 The judgment! the judgment! the thrones are all set,
Where the Lamb, and the white-vested elders are met;
There all flesh is at once in the sight of the Lord,
And the doom of eternity hangs on His word.

104. ATHALIE.

S. M. D.

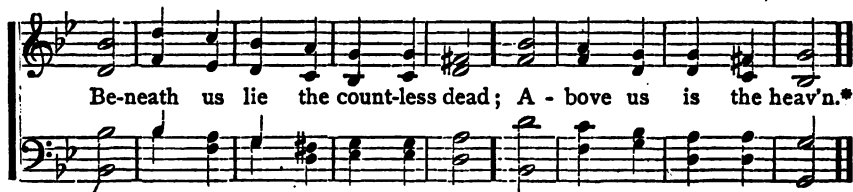
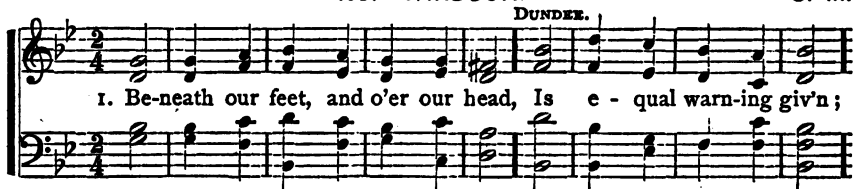


2 At midnight came the cry,
 "To meet thy God prepare!"
 He woke, and caught his Captain's eye;
 Then, strong in faith and prayer,
 His spirit with a bound
 Left its encumbering clay;
 His tent, at sunrise, on the ground,
 A darkened ruin lay.

3 The pains of death are past,
 Labor and sorrow cease,
 And, life's long warfare closed at last,
 His soul is found in peace.
 Soldier of Christ, well done,
 Praise be thy new employ;
 And, while eternal ages run,
 Rest in thy Saviour's joy.

105. WINDSOR.

C. M.



* The rest of the Hymn on opposite page.

106. "THOU ART GONE TO THE GRAVE."



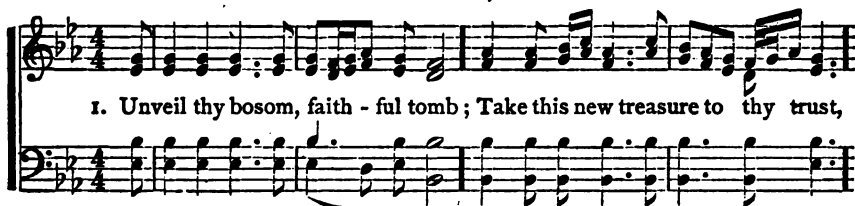
1. Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee, Tho' sorrows and
dark-ness en-com-pass the tomb; Thy Sav-iour has pass'd thro' the
por-tal be-fore thee, And the lamp of His love is thy light thro' the gloom.

- 2 Thou art gone to the grave: we no longer behold thee,
Nor tread the rough path of the world by thy side;
But the wide arms of mercy are spread to enfold thee,
And sinners may die, for the Sinless hath died.
- 3 Thou art gone to the grave; and, its mansion forsaking,
Perchance thy weak spirit in fear lingered long;
But the mild rays of Paradise beamed on thy waking,
And the sound which thou heardest was the seraphim's song.
- 4 Thou art gone to the grave; but we will not deplore thee;
Whose God was thy Ransom, thy Guardian and Guide:
He gave thee, He took thee, and He will restore thee;
And death has no sting, for the Saviour has died.

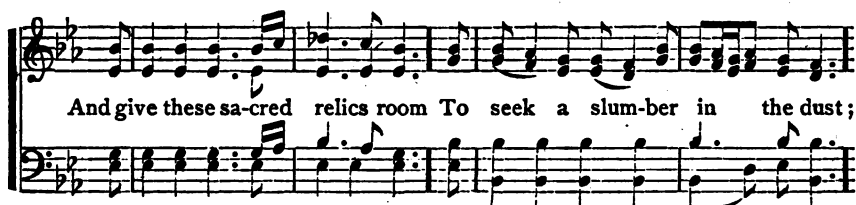
105. *Hymn for Windsor, on opposite page.*

- | | |
|---|--|
| <p>2 Death rides on every passing breeze,
He lurks in every flower;
Each season has its own disease,
Its peril every hour.</p> <p>3 Our eyes have seen the rosy light
Of youth's soft cheek decay,
And fate descend in sudden night
On manhood's middle day.</p> <p>4 Our eyes have seen the steps of age
Halt feebly towards the tomb;</p> | <p>And yet shall earth our hearts engage,
And dreams of days to come?</p> <p>5 Turn, mortal, turn; thy danger know;
Where'er thy foot can tread,
The earth rings hollow from below,
And warns thee of her dead.</p> <p>6 Turn, Christian, turn; thy soul apply
To truths divinely given;
The bones that underneath thee lie
Shall live for hell or heaven.</p> |
|---|--|

107. "UNVEIL THY BOSOM, FAITHFUL TOMB."



1. Unveil thy bosom, faith - ful tomb ; Take this new treasure to thy trust,



And give these sa - cred relics room To seek a slum - ber in the dust ;



And give these sacred rel - ics room To seek a slumber in the dust.

2 Nor pain, nor grief, nor anxious fear
Invade thy bounds: no mortal woes
Can reach the peaceful sleeper here,
While angels watch the soft repose.

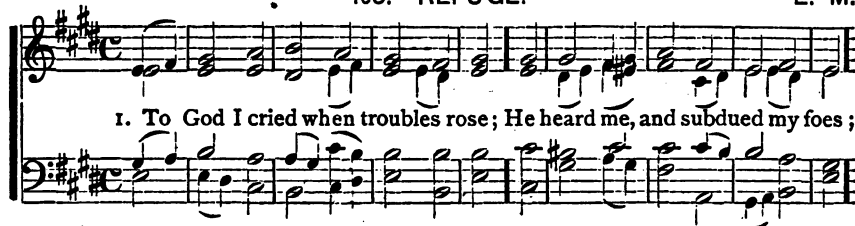
3 So Jesus slept: God's dying Son
Pass'd thro' the grave, and blest the bed ;

Rest here, blest saint, till from His throne
The morning break, and pierce the shade.

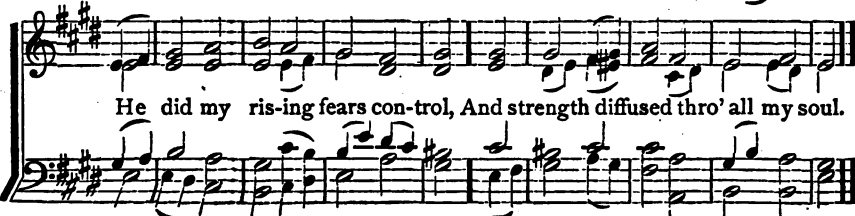
4 Break from His throne, illustrious morn;
Attend, O earth, His sovereign word;
Restore thy trust, a glorious form,
Called to ascend and meet the Lord.

108. REFUGE.

L. M.



1. To God I cried when troubles rose ; He heard me, and subdued my foes ;



He did my ris - ing fears con - trol, And strength diffused thro' all my soul.

109. O SACRED HEAD.

1. O sa - cred head now wound - ed! With grief and shame weighed down;
Now scorn - ful - ly sur - round - ed With thorns thine on - ly crown;

O sa - cred head! what glo - ry, What bliss, till now, was thine!

Yet though de - spised and go - ry, I joy to call Thee mine.

2 What language can I borrow
To thank Thee, dearest Friend,
For this Thy dying sorrow,
Thy pity without end?

O, make me Thine for ever;
And should I fainting be,
Lord! let me never, never
Outlive my love to Thee!

Conclusion of Hymn 108 on opposite page.

2 The God of heaven maintains His
state,
Frowns on the proud and scorns the
great,
But from His throne descends to see
The sons of humble poverty.

Thy words my fainting soul revive,
And keep my dying faith alive.

3 Amid a thousand snares, I stand
Upheld and guarded by Thy hand;

4 Grace will complete what grace be-
gins,
To save from sorrow and from sins;
The work that wisdom undertakes,
Eternal mercy ne'er forsakes.

110. Sing to "Refuge," on opposite page.

1 God is the refuge of His saints
When storms of sharp distress in-
vade,
Ere we can offer our complaints,
Behold Him present with His aid.

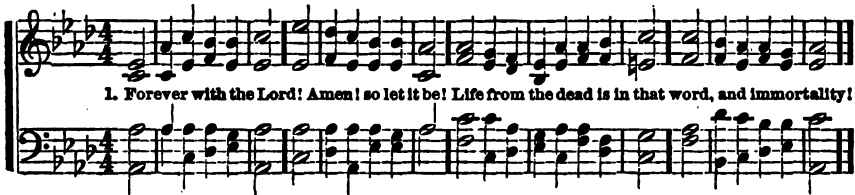
Life, love, and joy, still gliding through,
And watering our divine abode.

2 There is a stream, whose gentle flow
Supplies the city of our God;

3 That sacred stream, Thine holy word,
Our grief allays, our fear controls;
Sweet peace Thy promises afford,
And give new strength to fainting
souls.

III. ST. MICHAEL.

S. M.



2 Here in the body pent,
Absent from Him I roam,
Yet nightly pitch my moving tent
A day's march nearer home.

3 My Father's home on high,
Home of my soul! how near
At times, to faith's foreseeing eye,
Thy golden gates appear!

4 Ah! then my spirit faints
To reach the land I love,
The bright inheritance of saints,
Jerusalem, above!

5 Yet clouds will intervene,
And all my prospect flies;
Like Noah's dove, I flit between
Rough seas and stormy skies.

6 Anon the clouds depart,
The winds and waters cease;
While sweetly o'er my gladden'd heart
Expands the bow of peace!

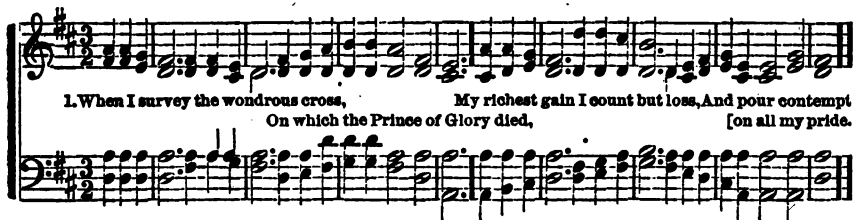
7 Beneath its glowing arch,
Along the hallowed ground,
I see cherubic armies march,
A camp of fire around.

8 I hear at morn and even,
At noon and midnight hour,
The choral harmonies of heaven
Earth's Babel tongue's o'erpower.

9 Then, then, I feel that He,
Remembered or forgot,
The Lord, is never far from me,
Though I perceive Him not.

II2. WILLIAMS.

L. M



2 Forbid it, Lord, that I should boast,
Save in the death of Christ, my God;
All the vain things that charm me most,
I sacrifice them to His blood.

3 See from His head, His hands, His feet,
Sorrow and love flow mingled down!

Did e'er such love and sorrow meet,
Or thorns compose so rich a crown?

4 Were the whole realm of nature mine,
That were a present far too small;
Love so amazing, so divine,
Demands my soul, my life, my all.

113. OLIPHANT.

1. Take, my soul, thy full sal - va - tion : Rise o'er sin, and fear, and care : Joy to find in
 2d. time.
 ev'ry station Something still to do or bear. Think what spirit dwells within thee;
 Think what Father's smiles are—thine; }
 Think that Je - sus died to win thee; Child of heav'n, canst thou re - pine?

2
 Haste thee on, from grace to glory,
 Armed by faith, and winged by prayer! Soon shall close thine earthly mission
 Heaven's eternal day before thee— Soon shall pass thy pilgrim days;
 God's own hand shall guide thee there. Hope shall change to glad fruition,
 Faith to sight, and prayer to praise.

114. O MORNING STAR.

O morn - ing star! how fair and bright Thou beam-est forth in truth and light,
 Thou root of Jes - se, Da - vid's Son, My Lord and Bridegroom, Thou hast won
 O sov - 'reign meek and low - ly, Ho - ly art Thou,
 my heart to serve Thee sole - ly!
 Fair and glorious, All vic - to - rious, Rich in blessing, Rule and might o'er all pos - sess - ing.

115. "JERUSALEM, THE GOLDEN."

1. Je - ru - sa - lem the golden ! With milk and honey blest, Beneath thy contem-

pla-tion Sink heart and voice op-prest: I know not, oh, I know not, What

joys a - wait us there, What ra - diancy of glory, What bliss beyond compare !

2 They stand, those halls of Zion,
All jubilant with song,
And bright with many an angel,
And all the martyr throng;
The Prince is ever in them,
The daylight is serene,
The pastures of the blessed
Are decked with glorious sheen.

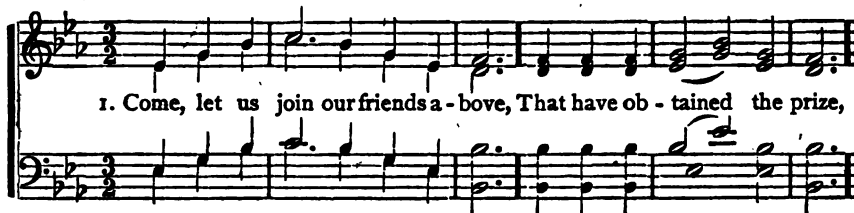
3 There is the throne of David,
And there, from care released,
The song of them that triumph,
The shout of them that feast:
And they who with their Leader
Have conquered in the fight,
Forever and forever
Are clad in robes of white.

PART II.

1 Brief life is here our portion,
Brief sorrow, short lived care;
The life that knows no ending,
The tearless life is there;
Oh happy retribution!
Short toil, eternal rest,
For mortals and for sinners
A mansion with the blest.
2 'Tis now we fight the battle,
But then shall wear the crown,
Of full and everlasting
And passionless renown;

When He, whom now we trust in,
Shall then be seen and known;
And they that know and see Him
Shall have Him for their own.
3 That we should hope, poor wanderers,
To have our home on high!
And mortals look for dwellings
Above the starry sky!
Yes, God, our King and Portion,
In fulness of His grace,
Shall we behold forever,
And worship face to face!

116. KALKBRENNER. C. M.



2 Let all the saints terrestrial sing
With those to glory gone,
For all the servants of our King,
In earth and heaven, are one.

3 One family, we dwell in Him,
One Church, above, beneath,
Though now divided by the stream,
The narrow stream of death.

4 One army of the living God,
To His command we bow;
Part of His host hath cross'd the flood,
And part is crossing now.

5 Ten thousand to their endless home
This solemn moment fly;
And we are to the margin come,
And we expect to die.

6 His militant embodied host,
With wishful looks we stand,
And long to see that happy coast,
And reach that heavenly land.


7 Our old companions in distress
We haste again to see,
And eager long for our release,
And full felicity.

8 Even now by faith we join our hands,
With those that went before,
And greet the blood-besprinkled bands
On the eternal shore.


9 Our spirits too shall quickly join,
Like theirs with glory crowned,
And shout to see our Captain's sign,
To hear His trumpet sound.

10 Oh! that we now might grasp our Guide!
Oh! that the word were given!
Come, Lord of Hosts! the waves divide,
And land us all in Heaven.

117. "I WORSHIP THEE, SWEET WILL OF GOD." C. M.



1. I wor-ship Thee, sweet will of God, And all Thy ways a - dore;



And ev-'ry day I live, I seem To love Thee more and more. A - men.

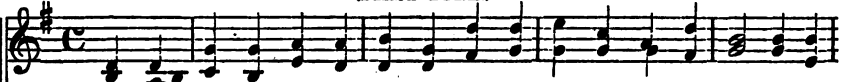
- 2 I love to kiss each print where Thou
Hast set Thine unseen feet;
I cannot fear Thee, blessed will!
Thine empire is so sweet.
- 3 When obstacles and trials seem
Like prison walls to be,
I do the little I can do,
And leave the rest to Thee.
- 4 Man's weakness, waiting upon God
Its end can never miss;

- For man on earth no work can do
More angel-like than this.
- 5 He always wins who sides with God,
To him no chance is lost;
God's will is sweetest to him when
It triumphs at his cost.
- 6 Ill that He blesses is our good,
And unblest good is ill;
And all is right that seems most wrong,
If it be His sweet will!


118. "COME TO JESUS."—FABER'S HYMN.

8, 7.

(FIRST TUNE.)



1. Was there ev - er kindest shepherd Half so gen-tle, half so sweet As the



Sav - iour, who would have us Come and gath-er round His feet. A - men.

The rest of the Hymn beneath Second Tune for the same on opposite page.

SECOND TUNE for
"COME TO JESUS."—FABER'S HYMN.

8, 7.

1. Was there ever kindest abepherd Half so gentle, half so sweet As the Saviour, who would

have us Come and gather round His feet. There's a wideness in God's mercy, Like the wideness of the

sea; There's a kindness in His justice, Which is more than lib - er - ty. A - men.

- | | |
|--|---|
| <p>1 Was there ever kindest shepherd
 Half so gentle, half so sweet,
 As the Saviour, who would have us
 Come and gather round His feet.</p> <p>2 There's a wideness in God's mercy,
 Like the wideness of the sea;
 There's a kindness in His justice,
 Which is more than liberty.</p> <p>3 There is no place where earth's sorrows
 Are more felt than up in heaven;
 There is no place where earth's failings
 Have such kindly judgment given.</p> <p>4 There is welcome for the sinner,
 And more graces for the good;
 There is mercy with the Saviour;
 There is healing in His blood.</p> | <p>5 There is grace enough for thousands
 Of new worlds as great as this;
 There is room for fresh creations
 In that upper home of bliss.</p> <p>6 For the love of God is broader
 Than the measures of man's mind;
 And the heart of the Eternal
 Is most wonderfully kind.</p> <p>7 But we make His love too narrow
 By false limits of our own;
 And we magnify His strictness
 With a zeal He will not own.</p> <p>8 There is plentiful redemption
 In the blood that has been shed;
 There is joy for all the members,
 In the sorrows of the Head.</p> |
|--|---|



INDEX OF HYMNS AND TUNES.

	HYMN		HYMN
Abide with me.....	34	Gilead.....	47
Angels from the realms of glory.....	10	Gloria in Excelsis.....	3
Around the Throne of God in heaven.....	95	Glorious things.....	17
As with gladness men of old.....	39	Glory be to God on high.....	3
Athalie.....	104	God eternal, Mighty King.....	19
Beautiful river.....	88	God is the refuge of His saints.....	110
Behold the Bridegroom cometh.....	89	God of my life, through all my days.....	93
Beneath our feet and o'er our head.....	105	God the All-Terrible.....	97
Blessed be the Lord God of Israel.....	9	Gracious Saviour, gentle Shepherd.....	46
Blumenthal.....	83	Guide me, O Thou great Jehovah.....	42 76
Brightest and best.....	24	Haddam.....	62
Cast thy burden.....	8	Hail, Thou long expected Jesus.....	36
Chant, Blessed be the Lord God.....	9	Hail to the Lord's Anointed.....	32
" Gloria in Excelsis.....	3	Hanover.....	12
" O come let us sing.....	1	Happy the man who knows.....	70
" The Lord is my Shepherd.....	2	Hark! hark my soul, angelic songs.....	37
" The Lord's prayer..... <i>facing</i>	1	Hark, the herald angels.....	38
Chosen not for good in me.....	81	Haydn's Hymn.....	10
Christ above all glory seated.....	99	Holy, holy, holy.....	4
Christian children.....	94	How pleased and blest was I.....	87
Cleansing Fountain.....	25	How sweet the hour of closing day.....	66
Come away to the skies.....	79	Hummel.....	31
Come, let us join our friends above.....	115	Hursley.....	59
Come to Jesus — Faber's hymn.....	117	I have entered the valley of blessing.....	27
Come unto me.....	100	I heard the voice of Jesus say.....	52
Come we who love the Lord.....	78	I'll praise my Maker with my breath.....	92
Come, ye faithful, raise the anthem.....	33	I need Thee, precious Jesus.....	7
Come, ye thankful people.....	21	Innocents.....	19
Correlli.....	78	In the vineyard of our Father.....	96
Crusader's Hymn.....	16 A	I sing the Almighty power of God.....	30 31
Dear Jesus, ever at my side.....	14	It came upon the midnight clear.....	101
Depth of mercy! can there be.....	83	I think when I read.....	86
Descend from heaven, Immortal Dove.....	41	I worship Thee, sweet will of God.....	116
Does the gospel word proclaim.....	51	Jerusalem the golden.....	114
Earth has nothing sweet or fair.....	84	Jesus paid it all.....	26
Eventide.....	34	Jesus, tender Shepherd.....	43
Faber's Hymn.....	117	Join all the glorious names.....	50
Fairest Lord Jesus.....	16 A	Jordan.....	75
Folsom.....	24	Joyfully, joyfully, onward I move.....	90
Forever with the Lord.....	111	Kalkbrenner.....	115
Garden.....	18	Kreutzer.....	73
Germany.....	66		

Index of Hymns and Tunes.

	HYMN		HYMN
Lead, kindly Light.....	53	Sinners ! turn.....	61
Leon.....	6	Sleepers, wake, a voice is calling.....	35
Let our choir new anthems raise.....	48	Soldier, on life's battle-field.....	44
Life's Battle-field.....	44	Sometimes a light surprises.....	45
Lisbon.....	67	Spanish Hymn.....	80
Little travellers Zionward.....	77	St. George.....	20
Lord, we come before Thee now.....	29	Still, still with Thee.....	98
Lo, what a glorious sight.....	22	St. Michael.....	111
Lubeck.....	28	Stow.....	85
Ludwig.....	29	Suffolk.....	63
		Sun of my soul, Thou Saviour dear.....	59
Magdalena.....	7	Sweet story.....	86
March to victory.....	57		
Meet and right it is to sing.....	16	Take, my soul, thy full salvation.....	113
Mendel.....	5	Tamworth.....	42
Men of God, go take your stations.....	63	The chariot.....	103
Munich.....	33	The God of Abraham praise.....	6
My God, how wonderful Thou art.....	73	The Lord into His garden came.....	18
My spirit on Thy care.....	74	The Lord is my Shepherd.....	2
		The Lord Jehovah reigns.....	62
Nicea.....	4	The promises I sing.....	64
Neponset.....	76	There is a fountain filled with blood.....	25
Noel.....	102	The Son of God goes forth to war.....	91
Northfield.....	22	There is a land of pure delight.....	75
Now all the woods are sleeping.....	11	The winds were howling o'er the deep... 15	
		Thou art gone to the grave.....	106
O come, let us sing.....	1	To God I cried when troubles rose.....	108
O how could I forget Him.....	23		
Oliphant.....	113	Unveil thy bosom, faithful tomb.....	107
O Morning Star.....	114		
On this day, the first of days.....	28	Valley of blessing.....	27
Onward, Christian soldier.....	55	Varina.....	30
Our Father which art in heaven... <i>facing</i> 1		Victory.....	41
O paradise.....	54		
O praise ye the Lord.....	12	Warsaw.....	50
O Sacred Head.....	109	Was there ever kindest shepherd.....	117
O Thou, that hearest when sinners cry.. 60		We are little Christian children.....	94
		Weimar.....	77
Peters.....	87	We give Thee but Thine own.....	68
Pleasant are Thy courts above.....	20	Welcome, sweet day of rest.....	67
		We march, we march.....	57
Refuge.....	108	When I survey the wondrous cross.....	112
Rest.....	51	When this passing world is done.....	82
Rowson.....	74	When wounded sore, the stricken soul... 71	
Russian Hymn.....	97	Who, O Lord, when life is o'er.....	13
		Williams.....	112
Saviour, like a shepherd lead us.....	72	Windsor.....	105
Saviour, when in dust to Thee.....	80		
Saxony.....	60	Yarmouth.....	32
Seasons.....	93	Ye servants of the Lord.....	69
Servant of God, well done.....	104	Yes, the Redeemer rose.....	85
Shall we gather at the river.....	88	Ye tribes of Adam join.....	64
Show pity, Lord ! O Lord, forgive..... 5			
Since I've known a Saviour's name..... 58		Zion, awake ! thy strength renew..... 47	
Sing, O earth, for thy redemption..... 56			



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